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South Carolina
THE 'MOVEMENT' FINALLY ARRIVES DAVID NOLAN

THE USURY OF WAR

Phoenix of Obsolescence
RICHARD F. KAUFMAN

Vietnam: The 200-Year Mortgage
JAMES L. CLAYTON

Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power
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LETTERS

Sierra

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Please accept our warm appreciation of the attention paid by *The Nation* to the Sierra Club in the article by Robert A. Jones ["Fratricide in the Sierra Club," May 5].

Inasmuch as exposure of issues has been one of our specialties, since we believe it to be effective in getting wiser results, it is good to have it applied to us in a difficult time for the club. Mr. Jones has succeeded most admirably.

David Hales, Sierra Club

internes for peace

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Your readers might appreciate some information about an interne program in the field of public opinion and international conflict, sponsored by the World Without War Council of the United States, for which applicants are now being sought.

An interne in this program is expected to commit at least one year full-time work to developing knowledge and experience in three fields: the nature of international conflict; techniques of influencing American public opinion and foreign policy; and professional means for dealing with these problems in the public arena.

Internships are being offered in New England, New York City, the Midwest, the Pacific Northwest and California. Anyone wishing application forms should write: Interne Program, World Without War Council of the United States, 218 East 18 Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Max Green, Interne Program
World Without War Council

'garbage in, garbage out'

New York City

DEAR SIRS: John McDermott ["Knowledge Is Power," *The Nation*, Apr. 14], while rightly criticizing student and other radicals for failing to do their homework, reveals that he has been neglecting his own. His thesis that class oppression in America derives less from the maldistribution of property than from the maldistribution of knowledge simply does not correspond with the facts.

"Technological progress," he says, "has demanded the extraordinary growth in institutional scale . . . since World War II." The managements of our giant institutions "have accepted the challenge and the opportunity to master an ever wider range of scientific and technical disciplines . . . to integrate the discrete information of the specialists into technical and organizational systems. . . . Knowledge is power."

But in fact, as economists and scientific-technical writers know quite well, gigantism in American life was not "demanded" by technology—or achieved through mastery of scientific disciplines. Its most conspicuous example, the conglomerate, is a creature of the tax laws, which supply both the motive (low taxes on capital gains) and the means (the "funny money" provisions which permit the conglomerates, in effect, to borrow funds for their acquisitions at government expense). The conglomerate wheeler-dealers have integrated nothing except a bunch of balance sheets; the only "specialists" they find useful are the tax lawyer and the accountant; the only "discipline" they have mastered is asset juggling. . . .

Far from enjoying a near monopoly of "knowledge," the present rulers of our mega-bureaucracies are often remarkably, sometimes appallingly, ignorant, not out of stupidity

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EDITORIALS

The American Disease

Justice Fortas had to resign, because he had been guilty of an impropriety which made his continued presence on the Supreme Court embarrassing to him, to his fellow Justices and to the country. But his withdrawal will not cure, will not even alleviate, what has become a national failure of social conscience. The Fortas case is only one of a succession of scandals and when Fortas returns to his law practice that succession will continue, because the causes will remain deep in the American ethos.

Why did Mr. Fortas take $15,000 for three lectures, a legal but indiscreet action for one in his position? Why did he accept $20,000 from the Wolfson Foundation and not return it until it was, in a sense, hot money? Was it because of irrational greed stemming from early poverty? Certainly nothing in his present circumstances could explain his behavior. But if one goes beyond his present income, past income, his wife's income, etc., some light is thrown on plausible causes of his behavior. For most of his life Mr. Fortas has been part of a vast maze of relationships in which some decent things are done (the Fortas law firm defended Owen Lattimore without fee), but in which powerful individuals take advantage of the main chance, right up to the edge of ethical impropriety.

We may get some enlightenment on the shabby respectability of affluence from an article by Reece McGee in the February 14, 1966 *Nation*, "Welfare in Affluence: The Mirage of Rationalism." Our people have celebrated overmuch the successes of Western culture, McGee suggested, and overlooked its failures and disintegrative consequences. "The dilemma," he wrote, "is simply this: individualism, self-interest, and judgment of the worth of men according to their accumulation of wealth act as motive forces for a society only so long as most of its members cannot attain that wealth. Once an affluent economy has been created . . . such criteria no longer provide goals and satisfactions and, in addition, create discontents which cannot be materially alleviated because they are products of materialism in the first place."

That condition prevails in the United States more than in any other country, and it goes far to explain the ubiquity and intensity of middle-class discontent. But what of the minority at the top of the social heap? They have made it, and yet they keep on behaving as they did to get where they wanted to be. Justice Fortas became an important man, a confidant of Presidents, and finally almost Chief Justice of the United States, by manipulations and circumventions much like those for which he is now castigated. He lived in an atmosphere of such stratagems; for many years, we may assume, he had little or no contact with people other than those who pursued similar aims, by similar means. There was no pressing reason for him to change, so he did not change. He is shrewd, but shrewd in a most artificial ambience, and it is probable that he could not foresee the disastrous consequences of his habits when his ap-

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pointment to the Court exposed him to the observation of a wide and jealous public.

McGee makes another point which can be applied here. Man, he says, is a symbolic animal—the only one. Man does not experience reality directly but as mediated and interpreted by *symbols*. When we make *things* and their *possession* the measure of success, we become enthralled with things, and in our captivity continue to grasp for more things, more power.

This will ruin a man; it can destroy a nation. The almost universal acceptance of this philosophy—or absence of philosophy—is one reason why so many young people find it difficult to trust their society. They see so little in it that has the appearance, much less the substance, of disinterest. They hear talk of ideals, but see scarcely any practice. "Never trust anyone over 30" is not a cry of defiance; it is a cry of pain.

Mr. Fortas was indiscreet (more accurately, Mr. Fortas was made insensitive by the mores of his manipulative tribe) and he will be punished. If the country takes any satisfaction from that, the country is lost to folly. We have become a nation of salesmen, brokers and expediters; we lack one single Jeremiah to save our souls.

Monetary Seesaw

On May 9, the West German Government, withstanding strong pressures from the United States, Great Britain, France and its own domestic forces, announced its refusal to increase the value of the mark. Far from being simply a technical financial decision, the refusal was tantamount to a public announcement that Germany, which had arisen from its ashes with U.S. aid, was now perfectly willing to "go it alone."

The backdrop to events of the past month is the recurrent instability, stemming from the shift of financial power away from the United States, which has plagued the West for several years. (See "Arena of Gold: Europe Defies the Dollar," *The Nation*, September 23, 1968, and "Money Jungle," *The Nation*, December 2, 1968.) Immediately after de Gaulle's resignation on April 28, on the expectation that his successor would devalue the franc because of France's previous monetary problems, and that the pound would be forced to follow suit, hundreds of millions of francs and pounds flowed into Germany, seeking a safe haven in the mark. Then, when it became clear that France was not about to devalue, billions of dollars poured into Germany, on the assumption that if the franc did not go down, then the mark must go up. Since neither has happened, the international money market is still left in a situation of fundamental disequilibrium and potential chaos.

There are a number of reasons why the West German Government could and did withstand the revaluation pressure. For one thing, in this kind of international poker, the big winner has ample resources to meet the speculators. Germany could continue to supply marks in exchange for speculators' dollars, francs and pounds, as fast as it could print them. But for the losers, France and Britain, the run on their foreign exchange reserves

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The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

NATION *Volume 208 No. 21*

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could bleed them to death. In addition, as more and more money poured in, the immediate cost of revaluation to Germany became greater and greater; a 10 per cent revaluation, for example, would have cost it close to $1 billion because of the corollary markdown of its foreign exchange holdings. Probably most important, Germany's refusal to revalue maintains the favorable monetary *status quo* in its competition with the United States for world markets; that is crucial for a country which exports 20 per cent of its total output.

At another level, the successful German defiance of the United States reveals the shift of power in this area. Hamstrung by its own balance of payments and gold crises, as well as by the Vietnam debacle and growing internal dissension, the United States is rapidly becoming a monetary paper tiger. Thus, despite the fact that upon being told of the German decision an "astonished" high Administration official exclaimed, "Oh no, that's bad news," the U.S. Treasury Department's formal comment could only state that the decision "speaks for itself" (*Wall Street Journal,* May 12).

The West German Government's claim that its refusal "is final and is valid for eternity" may yet prove another example of German hyperbole. For the time being, however, the increased downward pressure on the franc, the pound, and ultimately the dollar, as well as the renewed demonstration of disunity in the money jungle, can only aggravate international monetary instability.

The Foxes of Bonn

The leading German fox of the moment, Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, is acting in accordance with his nature—and even more so than usual. Suspicion of Germany, which has never died away in Europe, nor among progressives in the United States, is not likely to be allayed by this fox-Chancellor's latest maneuvers in the underbrush of German politics.

In one respect his actions are not foxlike. Instead of slinking, he has this time come out into the open with a "nationalist, conservative policy" designed to win the September 28 election. He expects thus to wean voters away from the National Democratic Party, headed by Adolf von Thadden, a former Nazi like himself. He is not worried about his coalition partners, the Social Democrats; they have served their purpose. The problem now is to pre-empt the position of the Right, which has been garnering votes in provincial elections.

To this end, Herr Kiesinger has declared himself on a variety of domestic and international issues. The German mark is not to be revalued upward—let the French worry about the franc, the British about the pound, the Americans about the dollar. The statute of limitations may be changed to bar further prosecutions of "minor" Nazi war criminals—those who murdered, or abetted murder, on orders, as virtually all of them did. The promised signing of the international treaty to bar the spread of nuclear weapons is tabled for the present—Kiesinger is as indifferent to American reaction as to the feelings of his Social Democratic allies. Finally, the Chancellor has abandoned all thought of a less unfriendly relationship with East Germany. David Binder reports from Bonn, in the May 12 *New York Times,* that Kiesinger said "it would be a sin against German history" to recognize the Communist government in East Berlin.

In all these moves Herr Kiesinger is naturally supported by Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who heads the Bavarian Christian Social Union, the conservative branch of Kiesinger's Christian Democratic Union. Strauss declares that "nobody will overtake us on the Right." From a "moderately liberal" stance during the winter, Kiesinger has come around to the same way of thinking. He makes it plain that the more he is attacked for his shift to the right, the better he will like it. Not only does he count on the support of conservative voters; he is also keeping a vulpine eye on Strauss, who has aspirations for the chancellorship. Kiesinger, too, does not intend to be overtaken on the Right.

There is nothing new about any of this. Nowadays, Centrist, or right-of-Center, parties are seldom concerned about the Left. The "extreme" Right is always their primary worry. And it is always called "extreme," in order to make the Right as a whole look moderate. It is like a general guarding only one flank, confident that an attack on the other will be so feeble he can ignore it. The result of this time-honored tactic is to shift the whole political structure toward the right—which does not cause a consummate opportunist like Kiesinger the least vexation.

These developments should dispel any illusions that a new and better Germany is rising from the ashes of Hitlerism. Though Kiesinger is no Hitler—he lacks the appeal, the fanaticism and the demagogic genius—his strategy should interest the U.S. State Department and the Nixon Administration, lest they too be outfoxed. However, probably only a turn to the left could alarm those guardians of American society.

Now or Never

If Congress misses out on the present opportunity to curb the militarization of the country, it may never have another chance (see articles p. 656). The fact is that the United States is acting as the world's policeman, and its military forces are armed and manned accordingly. Rep. Abner J. Mikva (D., Ill.) recently pointed out that we have the largest standing armed force in the world, and the highest percentage of military-age manpower in active service of any major power; and the end is not yet.

Edwin L. Dale, Jr., made some timely observations on this topic in the May 4 *New York Times.* One was that senior members of Congress had been "shocked" to learn that the armed services were designed to meet three "contingencies" simultaneously—a war with the Soviet Union in Europe, an emergency in Latin America and a Chinese invasion in Asia. This was before Vietnam; whether that disaster would be included under a "Chinese invasion" is unclear. We do know that the Pentagon's plans to fight three major wars simultaneously were on

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the public record, so why did it take so long for the Congressmen to be shocked?

Now at last hitherto acquiescent or somnolent members of the Congress are joining the few who resisted the trend in the past. They are today seeking out sources of information that might help them in cutting the military down to the size actually needed for national security. Charles L. Schultze, former director of the budget, points out that doubts concerning the need for particular weapons systems, even those as important as the ABM, do not go to the heart of the matter. First comes foreign policy, including commitments to countries regarded as allies. These policy decisions are transmitted to the military, who decide what forces we require to meet the commitments and the other elements of what they regard as national security. (Like other technicians, it may be assumed that they add a generous margin of safety.) Only after these steps have been taken are decisions on weapons systems made.

Because aerospace and nuclear systems of destruction are expensive and spectacular, they are likely to get maximum attention; this can mislead those who wish to regain a reasonable measure of control over the military. "The strategic forces, nuclear forces, ABM and the like are important," a highly placed official says, "but they are the tail, not the dog. The dog is the $60 billion we spend on general-purpose forces."

How Not To Do It

Engineers and managers are taught, when a job can be done either in a complex way or a simple way, to do it simply. When there is a choice between a hazardous procedure and a safe one, only a fool or a saboteur chooses the dangerous way.

These axioms, accepted by everyone who is not lamentably retarded, leave one puzzled by the Department of Defense plan to dispose of 27,000 tons of surplus nerve gas, mustard gas, bombs and rockets. The Army, which is primarily concerned, purposes to ship this material, most of which is located at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal at Denver, by freight to an ammunition depot at Earle, N. J., then to load it into four old Liberty ships which are to be towed beyond the continental shelf and sunk in 7,200 feet of water.

It takes something like one ten-millionth of an ounce of nerve gas to kill a human being. The stuff is to be shipped in 1-ton containers. Each container, then, assuming efficient distribution, holds enough poison to wipe out the entire human race several times over. Certainly, if even one container ruptured in or near a population center, the danger would be grotesque.

If all these freight trains were to arrive safely in New Jersey and the material was finally sunk in the Atlantic, who can say what the result would be? If the containers began to leak, sea life might be affected. But the greatest menace is during shipment. There were some 5,000 train derailments in 1967. In the first four months of 1969, no less than five freight trains laden with toxic or flamable materials have plunged off the tracks, forcing evacuation of towns and in some cases causing deaths.

The Army might have a case for this eerie funeral cortege if there were no safer way of disposing of its deadly tonnage, but according to Jerome P. Curry of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, there is an alternative. Curry interviewed Peter P. Gaspar, associate professor of chemistry at Washington University, who pointed out that mustard and nerve gas can be converted into harmless compounds. "Use some of those defense billions and convert it into safe compounds," he suggested.

This might entail shipping the stuff to the plants that manufactured it in the first place, or perhaps it could be done by suitable installations at the arsenal. The only argument for the Army's method of disposal is that it is relatively inexpensive. That will not stand up; the decisive consideration is minimum risk.

Hiring for God

The Rev. Billy Graham recently told an assembly of 1,000 New York City police that policemen are "God's agents for punishment." Now aside from the fact that the police are nobody's agents for punishment (as a conspicuously loyal American, Graham should know that under our system the courts do the punishing), this statement contains that whiff of blasphemy which constitutes the allure of evangelistic rant. It may have encouraged some of the more militant listeners in their sin of pride, but most New York cops are good Catholics; they are accustomed to taking their spiritual guidance from their parish priests, who are not given to lathering communicants with absurd flattery. Graham's idiocy can only have embarrassed such members of the force.

But Billy Graham also preaches in the White House, and Mr. Nixon does not have the ancient wisdom of the Catholic Church to help him keep his feet on the ground. If Graham is trying to make God's deputies out of a bunch of God-fearing policemen, what anointment may we suppose he is bestowing on the Chief Executive? This country has for much too long been confusing its mundane ambitions with the will of the Almighty, and Mr. Nixon's capacity to resist the voice of the Tempter is not known. Washington's churches are many and varied; the country might be easier in its mind if the President made a practice of attending public services.

Three Days on Mifflin Street

Madison, Wis.

What happened in Madison on May 3, 4 and 5 was different from anything that has occurred thus far under the heading of "student protests." It was more like any number of ghetto upheavals of recent years. Police invaded the students' "turf" and the inhabitants fought back. Madison has long been a mecca for radical students, many of whom wind up on Mifflin Street, which has become a true ghetto. Here students have tried to adapt to their environment. For example, they have established a cooperative grocery store that is the focal point of community activity as well as a means of com-

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bating merchants who exploit them. The students have also elected their own city councilman, Paul Soglin, a radical 24-year-old graduate student.

Residents of Mifflin Street decided to hold a block party on May 3, a Saturday night. There was no secret about it; it was well advertised in the student newspaper and had as its motto, "Why don't we do it in the road?" the title of a Beatles song. The salacious overtones of the motto were enough to scare city officials, including a brand new Mayor. So the police moved in, chased people from the streets and made the band pack up. Suddenly, the sidewalks were jammed and a record player in someone's house was turned on full blast; the police began to load the paddy wagons. Paul Soglin appeared on the scene and was also taken into custody. A young black councilman, Eugene Parks, arrived and tried in vain to quiet the action. When the police began to use gas, tossing canisters into houses, the residents began to fight back with stones. The police redoubled their efforts, spraying indiscriminately with both pepper and tear gas, and the battle went on into the night.

The campus ideologues, in general, disapproved of the Saturday night disturbance. The SDSers, Trotskyites, Young Socialists and others were baffled. Where was the political content? What were the issues? Mifflin Street failed to fit the pattern of activism at Wisconsin over the last two years. Campus protests had been addressed to specific issues. Now the residents of Mifflin Street were goading the intellectuals and activists to join them in protecting the "student ghetto" against the police. They responded, and on Sunday night an even larger crowd assembled and Saturday's script was repeated. Councilman Soglin was arrested, then Councilman Parks. The gassing began at dark, and as students ran from houses they were pursued along Langdon Street, where some of the fraternity houses are located. Police began to gas the dorms, and more students were forced out to join the spreading crowd. On Monday, the new Mayor addressed a meeting of nearly 1,000 at the Mifflin Street co-op, but about all he had to say was to tell them to go home, and they *were* home. Once again the fighting resumed, and gas was used.

Whatever the outcome of the disturbances in Madison, the bitterness will not soon disappear. Students have much the same feeling for the "student ghetto" that blacks have for theirs. They will, as these events prove, defend themselves and their "community." The three days and nights of trouble on Mifflin Street were a demonstration in microcosm of how easily police violence can convert demonstrations and "happenings" into riots. Next time round, the larger community of Madison cannot say that it had no warning. HARMON HENKIN

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE 'MOVEMENT' FINALLY ARRIVES

DAVID NOLAN
*Mr. **Nolan** is active in the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC). He lives near Beaufort, S. C.*

Although South Carolina has the nation's highest illiteracy rate, lowest per capita income and its own George Wallace in Sen. Strom Thurmond, it managed to escape much of the fire and direct pressure of the civil rights movement in the early 1960s. But now, long after that movement has subsided, it seems to be coming back to perplex South Carolina. Wire stories from the South in recent months and weeks have carried unfamiliar datelines: Beaufort, Charleston, Denmark.

Activities in these areas have touched highly sensitive nerves and struck at some of the major pillars on which the state has rested its policies. Since the collapse of the cotton and rice crops early in the century, the state has been forced to look elsewhere for money. One source has been the military. South Carolina Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, represents a district bounded on one side by the naval base and air station in Charleston, and on the other by Parris Island and the Marine air station near Beaufort.

Another source has been increasing industrialization. South Carolina, like other Southern states, has been engaged in a frantic scramble over the past twenty years to convince Northern industries to move down, offering generous tax incentives and the promise of a cheap, unorganized labor force. Then, too, a burgeoning tourist industry solicits Northerners who would like to see a last bit of the "Old South." In one of the poorest regions of the nation fantastic resort centers—like Hilton Head and Fripp Island—cater to the jet set. The ante-bellum plantations are now owned by members of some of the wealthiest American families: DuPont, Field, Hutton, Milbank.

Oiling the machinery that keeps this money flowing in has imposed several obligations on the state. To attract business and tourists it must carry on a public relations campaign projecting a favorable image. To keep the industry that arrives it must hold the unions out, and at the same time provide an ample force of skilled labor. It must keep its white people docile: in many cases despite hungry bellies and slim pay checks. This last has been done in the classic manner. Bob Dylan describes the process well:

> *A South politician preaches to the poor, white man,*
> *You got more than the blacks, don't complain,*
> *You're better than them, you been born with white skin,*
> *they explain. . . .*

Now the underpinnings of this policy have been attacked with such force that some people fear they may collapse. A newspaper columnist mused: "Now that Charleston is having a first-hand taste of naked bayonets and the barbarism of fire bombs, it is easy for all of us

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to understand how a civilized population can turn as a last resort to fascism."

The story begins in Beaufort County at the southern tip of the state. Dr. Donald Gatch, a young white physician, set up practice there in the rural town of Bluffton about ten years ago. He was outraged by the extent of malnutrition he found among his patients, at the presence of several deficiency diseases that were supposed to have been completely eradicated in this country forty years ago. He began to publicize his findings in medical journals, and in 1967 testified before a panel of liberals investigating the problem of hunger in America. This earned him ostracism from the local medical profession, and the Beaufort *Gazette* accused him of "running his mouth." But he also advanced from the scholarly journals to the mass media. By January of this year Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina was sufficiently impressed by the uproar to tour Beaufort County with Gatch and others. In February Hollings won headlines with his testimony before the McGovern committee that "There is hunger in South Carolina. There is substantial hunger. I have seen it with my own eyes." Hollings' "discovery" resulted in the decision to make Beaufort and neighboring Jasper County the site of the federal pilot program to distribute free food stamps, the Nixon Administration's opening volley in the "war" against hunger.

The much touted pilot program did not stand up under any kind of scrutiny. To qualify for free stamps, a family of four must have a total income of less than $30 a month—less than $360 a year! Welfare and food stamp recipients picketed the courthouse in Beaufort the day the program went into effect, and urged people to reject the "free" stamps until they were made free for all the poor. Later a busload of protesters went to Washington to complain directly to legislators and Agriculture Department officials responsible for the program.

As the spotlight gradually faded from Beaufort it came up on Charleston. A dispute began there more than a year ago when a group of black nurses' aides and practical nurses were fired from their jobs at the Medical College of South Carolina. They were later reinstated, but people in the black community began to think of ways to protect the jobs of other hospital workers. Regular meetings were initiated, and in the fall of 1968 Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Employees Union was called in from New York. Charleston hospital workers formed Local 1199B.

In March, twelve workers, including the union president, were fired by the Medical College, and the strike began. Two weeks later workers at Charleston County Hospital also walked off their jobs. Scabs were brought in, with Medical College replacing 200 of the 275 strikers, and the County Hospital replacing fifty-four out of eighty. The union was demanding recognition, return of their jobs to the strikers, and a pay raise to at least the federal minimum wage of $1.60 an hour.

The strikers ran into a brick wall. Dr. William McCord, president of the Medical College, refused to talk with them, and state officials held to their legal interpretation that public employees have no right to organize and strike. So in late April the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) was called in. Ralph Abernathy, Andrew Young and other SCLC leaders came to Charleston to direct mass demonstrations and focus national attention on the situation. Abernathy vowed to stay until the strike was settled and announced his willingness to go to jail. Andrew Young called on high school students to join the movement and boycott school if necessary. The next Monday the class absentee rate shot up to 30 per cent. Several hundred people went to jail, about half of them students. When Abernathy was arrested, Mrs. Coretta King came to Charleston to take his place as the major speaker at rallies.

Charleston promises to be the successor to Albany, Birmingham, Selma and Memphis on the roll of major SCLC campaigns. And the present drive looks very much like those earlier ones, with mass marches, willing arrests, "jail, not bail," and crowds swaying, arm in arm, and singing *We Shall Overcome*.

The pressure is getting heavy, and some of those close to the dispute say that the hospitals might be prepared to accept everything except recognition. It is an old South Carolina tactic: give in to immediate demands when there is no alternative, but don't allow for continuing structures that can keep pushing. Ashley Cooper, writing in the Charleston *News and Courier*, said what is probably on the minds of many officials: "What guarantee is there, if the hospital strike were settled tomorrow, that the Reverend Abernathy and Mrs. King wouldn't be back in town again in two weeks, demonstrating for higher pay for garbage collectors, colored teachers or port workers? Or for kindergartens or for the reverse income tax for poor people." They very well might—the hospital workers are not the only abused group in South Carolina.

Even as the Charleston demonstrations continued, the headlines were seized by a brief but spectacular incident halfway across the state in the town of Denmark. Hard on the heels of Cornell, a group of black students at Voorhees College armed themselves and took over the library and administration building at lunch time on Monday, April 28.

The guns were not a symbolic gesture. Denmark is only 20 miles from Orangeburg where, a year ago, state troopers killed three students and wounded thirty-seven others on the campus of South Carolina State College after an attempt to integrate a local bowling alley. The Voorhees students explained the guns by saying: "We aren't going to allow another Orangeburg."

Voorhees is a black school, connected with the white Episcopal Church, with strong white representation on the board of trustees. It was founded in 1897 but has operated as a four-year college only since 1967. Before that it was a high school and junior college, with strong emphasis on vocational or industrial education. Like many other black schools, it was set up not so much to make black people full citizens but to give them enough skills beyond farm work so that they could fit into the more demanding jobs called for by increasing industrialism. Early supporters of these schools, men like Rockefeller and Carnegie, were often quite open in admitting that they sought to create a skilled black work force that could be

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played off against white workers, thus keeping wages down and unions out.

Today's black students are unwilling to play this game. By the time Voorhees President John Potts met with them at six o'clock Monday night, the campus insurgents had commandeered several thousand dollars worth of food from the school cafeteria, and were prepared for a siege. They drew up a list of demands which called for a black studies program, black department chairmen, abolition of compulsory class attendance, a pay raise for nonacademic employees from $1.30 to the federal minimum of $1.60, a permanent physician and nursing staff, a community education program, and amnesty for the students involved in the take-over. Potts said some of the demands were reasonable, some unreasonable—a black studies program being, in his view, one of the most unreasonable. Monday night the students expanded their territory by taking over the science building.

Potts closed the school officially at noon on Tuesday, and five buses were chartered to remove the students not involved in the take-over. At three o'clock Gov. Robert McNair declared that a state of emergency existed at the school and by 4:30 National Guardsmen and agents of the State Law Enforcement Division (SLED) had sealed off the campus. Earlier, Potts, fearing violence, had come to what he termed "total agreement" with the students, giving in on most of their demands and promising amnesty. The students agreed to leave the buildings, and when they did were promptly arrested by the SLED agents. The school pressed no charges, but the state charged six women and nineteen men with unlawful assembly and riot. The bail, in most cases, was $1,500 apiece for the women and $2,500 for the men. They remained in the state penitentiary until bail was posted on Friday. Trial is not expected until September.

Voorhees reopened on May 12, but repercussions both positive and negative are still being felt from the student take-over. State Sen. Paul Moore of Spartanburg has already introduced legislation "to prevent a recurrence of the Voorhees incident." It provides a ten-to-twenty-five-year penalty for carrying guns in private or public schools or any public building.

It is by no means likely that the events in Beaufort, Charleston and Denmark will bring the state to a grinding halt, but there is no doubt that the revelations about poverty and hunger have given it a black eye. These conditions have been known by state officials for some time, but, according to Sen. (and former Governor) Ernest Hollings, "industrial development plus state pride resulted in the public policy of covering up the problem of hunger. We didn't want the vice president of the plant in New York to know the burdens. We told him only of the opportunities. You don't catch industry with worms—maybe fish, but not industry."

Similarly, the serene image the state would like to present has been jarred by the hospital strike and student rebellion. Officials would hardly like to have the Palmetto State remembered for its conflicts. But, if there is as yet no certainty about the outcome of all this, one thing is sure: the winds are rising.

THE USURY OF WAR

1. Phoenix of Obsolescence

RICHARD F. KAUFMANN

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Washington

What makes any rational attack on the defense budget so difficult is the extraordinary tenacity of military projects. Old Pentagon "systems" do not die under fire; they merely hibernate, usually in the form of research and development, until a more auspicious day arrives. The symbol of the military-industrial complex is not the octopus—its totem is the phoenix—and what follows here is an attempt to describe its behavior in its Potomac habitat.

Much of the opposition to the Anti-Ballistic Missile System (ABM) is based on the evidence that it probably won't work, is unnecessary, will intensify the arms race, and will divert resources from areas of higher national priority. Unless disproved, these are good reasons for not spending $6 billion or $7 billion of public money. But rather than respond to the serious arguments, the Pentagon has attempted to cut off debate by revealing one of its "secrets" of the Red Menace—the assertion that Russia's SS-9 missile is intended to be part of a first-strike, offensive threat against the United States. Yet, according to Sen. Stuart Symington, the Senate Armed Services Committee was advised last year that the SS-9 had been built for a second-strike, defensive purpose. The distinction is essential. Unless it can show that the Soviet Union is poised for a first-strike sneak attack, the Pentagon will continue to have a hard time convincing Congress that national security requires an investment in the ABM.

Senator Symington's revelation is one of a number of indications that the time is past when military requests were sacrosanct, at least in some quarters within the legislative branch. A more recent sign is the statement by Sen. Harry Byrd that the facts surrounding the large cost overrun on the C-5A cargo plane have caused him to "view with skepticism the entire military budget" (*Washington Post*, May 2).

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One of the clearest expressions thus far of Congressional unhappiness with the level of military spending has been the 1969 Report of the Joint Economic Committee. The report criticizes the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Economic Report of the President for inadequately analyzing the impact of defense spending, and the Bureau of the Budget for inadequately reviewing Defense Department budget expenses.

In hearings conducted in January and February, the committee heard both Charles J. Zwick and Robert P. Mayo, the outgoing and incoming Budget directors, concede that the bureau does not give as close attention to defense spending as it does to civilian programs. The committee in its report asks whether the defense budget proposed by the Pentagon is seriously questioned elsewhere in the Executive branch. In addition, the committee cites "evidence of widespread waste, mismanagement, and inefficiency in defense spending brought to light in recent months," and comes to this important conclusion: "It now seems clear that the present level of national security can be maintained on a substantially smaller defense budget."

That is the major point of controversy over military spending. Unless the defense budget is cut substantially, the anti-ABM efforts and other attempts to scrutinize military programs might eventually be regarded as futile. But Congress is at last beginning to question the continued support of a number of major weapons systems, some of which act like aged baseball superstars; they run poorly, can't hit, and are expensive to maintain.

There is some hope that fundamental foreign and military policy assumptions will also be challenged. Perhaps the most basic of these is that the United States must always be armed to fight two major wars and one minor war, simultaneously. Obviously this premise alone has had enormous budgetary implications. If issues of this magnitude are not confronted, and military spending reduced far below the $80 billion (not including defense-related programs and spending for past wars) spent last year, the outcome of fights over more specific issues could be disastrous to the goal of a rational defense program and a manageable military establishment.

For example, the $890 million request for the ABM Safeguard was announced as a reduction from the earlier Sentinel request of $1.8 billion for fiscal year 1970. However, the overall cost of the new Safeguard plan is now estimated at from $6 billion to $7 billion, a sizable increase from the $5 billion price placed on Sentinel. This is called "stretching out" a program. You pay less in a given year, but more in the long run. Indeed, since Safeguard was announced, it has been disclosed that the $6 billion to $7 billion does not include $2 billion for additional research and development, nor $1.2 billion for the nuclear warheads.

Even assuming ABM is curtailed this year, an event that seemed impossible only a few months ago, the total defense budget could end up at about the same level as last year or higher, despite the recent "cuts" announced for fiscal 1970. This could occur by a modification in any one or a combination of other major old and new weapons programs, several of which are actually or potentially more costly than ABM, by requesting additional funds for Vietnam, or by requesting new funds for a new crisis—a Berlin airlift or Cuban missile type of situation. Supplemental appropriations have become routine addenda to the annual budget, including the defense portion. In theory they are caused by unforeseen contingencies; they are also caused by miscalculations of spending requirements. The Pentagon is no doubt already hard at work on a supplemental request for fiscal 1970, to be submitted next fall or early next year. In other words, the budget requests of the Executive branch at the beginning of the year do not tell the full story.

Nor will whatever action is taken on the ABM this year tell the full story, about the ABM or the larger issues inherent in the defense budget. Although it has great implications for the international arms race, the ABM is only one Army weapons system program. The Army, the Navy and the Air Force have other weapons programs, in various stages of design and promotion, that will present problems similar in scope to the ABM. This raises the question alluded to at the start: Do old weapons concepts ever die? Take the case of manned strategic bombers. Ever since the rise of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) after World War II, the bomber has been threatened with extinction. The B-52, built after the Korean War, went into service in 1956. According to the logic of military weaponry, it should have been superseded by a "new generation" of bombers within a few years. The supersonic B-70 was duly chosen as its replacement. Later versions were called the RB-70 and the RS-70. By the end of the Eisenhower administration more than $790 million had been spent on the B-70 program, although additional funds for it had been drastically reduced by the President in 1959.

One of President Kennedy's early acts was to cut requests for B-70 funds in half. They were, however, restored by Congress. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara refused to spend the full amounts appropriated and opposed production and deployment of the new bomber. The basic objection was that it simply made more sense to develop strategic offensive capability through the ICBM than through a manned bomber. But despite McNamara's objections and the eventual defeat of the B-70 and its offspring, the manned supersonic bomber concept has not gone the way of the catapult and trireme. First, instead of being completely eliminated from the budget on the ground that it was a bad idea, the B-70 was continued on a research and development basis. By the time the problem was confronted and the entire B-70 program canceled, one of the prototypes constructed had crashed, and $1.5 billion had been wasted.

Second, the Air Force and its constituency, frustrated by the failure to get a large supersonic plane into full production, began in the early 1960s to promote a commercial version, the supersonic transport (SST). This

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was a reversal of the usual process, the general experience having been for the government to build large planes for military purposes and for private industry to spin off commercial versions. The classic case was when Boeing built the KC-135 for the Air Force, then used the same basic designs to build the 707 commercial airliner. When the bomber lobby got behind the SST, it was saying, in effect, let the government subsidize this new plane as it has subsidized new planes in the past. Except, this time we will go directly for a subsidized commercial version and spin off the military plane.

For a time in the mid-1960s, Washington must have seemed like heaven for the bomber lobby. Both planes, the B-70 and the SST, were being heavily financed. Then came the termination of the B-70, and a little later President Johnson extended the target date for the SST. However, a final decision was deferred and the program

Denver Post

began stretching out. So far, the government has spent almost $500 million on the SST, will probably spend more than a billion on research, development and testing alone. The new budget contains $92.7 million for continued R&D on the program. Efforts are being made to obtain additional funds to build a prototype.

Third, in the middle of the B-70-SST controversy pressure developed to convert the experimental TFX into a reconnaissance and tactical bomber. The FB-111 resulted, at great cost though without great success. In addition, whereas the public may have thought that the B-70 decision had put an end to the ICBM strategic bomber argument, in fact a new design for a supersonic strategic bomber was being worked on. For several years, the Air Force called it the Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft (AMSA); it has recently been dubbed the B-1A. In 1967, Air Force Secretary Harold Brown admitted to the Senate Committee on Defense Appropriations that the new bomber "is very much like the FB-111." In fact, AMSA is a giant TFX, including the variable (swing) wing. Thus, out of the rubble of the B-70 and the TFX, so to speak, comes AMSA.

Sen. William Proxmire has reported estimates for the new bombers as high as $80 million each. We have at present a force of 646 intercontinental strategic bombers. If we decided to replace only half of them with AMSAs the cost would be $25.8 billion (assuming $80 million each).

Senator Proxmire has stated that the new bomber is unneeded, will be obsolete before it is finished, is a waste of resources, and could heat up the arms race. He also suggests that one of the purposes of AMSA is to provide "backdoor" funds for the SST. In any event, the recently announced cutback of FB-111 purchases, and the new AMSA budget request of $100.2 million, up sharply from last year, to accelerate development, indicates that the bomber lobby is massing for a final breakthrough on a supersonic strategic bomber this year.

The current push for a supersonic strategic bomber can be traced to 1964. By that year, there was no longer hope for deployment of the B-70 or RS-70, although funds to construct three prototype models were requested and spent ($156 million in fiscal 1964). There was a strong belief in government circles that the B-52 would adequately serve our manned strategic bomber needs until it could be phased out in favor of ICBMs. In the face of that belief, the question was whether the government should pour good money into a new bomber design after the $1.5 billion that was being wasted on the B-70.

McNamara supported a $5 million budget request that year "for initial study and development of a manned bomber," but he strongly opposed an additional $50 million that was being urged by the Air Force Chief of Staff, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, of the Army, was also against it. Responding to a question concerning the phase out of strategic bombers altogether, he told the House subcommittee on Department of Defense Appropriations the same year, "I think the present trend is about right." Not even the Secretary of the Air Force, Eugene Zuckert, supported the request for the additional $50 million. Nevertheless, General Taylor said to the subcommittee: "The emotionally charged decision is one which is going to be faced by the Department of Defense very shortly—that is, whether or not to accept the recommendations of the Air Force with regard to a follow-on bomber."

General LeMay no doubt was shaken, though by no means defeated, by the B-70 fiasco and the widespread resistance to a new bomber. Ever since World War II there had always been new bombers and plans for even newer bombers. Testifying in the 1964 House Appropriations hearings he said: "This is something new for us. We have always replaced our airplanes before we wore them out in the past. As a matter of fact, the B-29s, B-50s, B-36s were all phased out of the inventory at around the 2,000 to 3,000 hour mark."

It must have been difficult for him to understand the opposition to manned bombers by three Presidents, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. McNamara remained adamantly opposed to the end of his term. As recently as February 1968 he told the Senate Armed Services Committee: "There is no reason in my opinion to move to accept the Air Force proposal, because the national intelligence estimate threat, as presently projected, does not appear to require the AMSA."

Unfortunately, the "emotionally charged decision" was not really faced in 1964 or in the following four years.

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The bomber lobby kept AMSA alive, as it had the B-70, by obtaining annual R&D funds. The question, to deploy or not to deploy, has never been conclusively answered in public. But the $100.2 million being requested for it this year indicates that the decision has been reached, at least inside the Pentagon. AMSA is rising again.

Defense contractors have played their parts in this birth-death-rebirth drama of the manned supersonic bomber. At present we can only sketch the roles of the key players, without knowing precisely how much each has contributed to the script.

North American Aviation, which has since merged into North American Rockwell, built the airframe for the B-70 prototypes. General Electric built the engines. General Dynamics is the airframe contractor for the TFX and FB-111; Pratt and Whitney, a subsidiary of United Aircraft, builds the engines. On the SST the team is Boeing and GE.

The five are now engaged in a rivalry for AMSA prime contract awards: Boeing, General Dynamics and North American Rockwell for the airframe; GE and Pratt and Whitney for the engines. They are all on the list of the top ten defense contractors for 1968. Together they accounted for $6.5 billion of last year's total military procurement.

How have the Pentagon and the contractors performed on the programs discussed? All we have to go on are the results so far. The B-70 was one of the worst fiascos in recent years. In the 1964 House Appropriations hearings Chairman George Mahon of Texas pointed out that Congress had been "solemnly told that the B-70 would fly long before this date. It has not flown yet." And he concluded: "There has been poor estimating, or poor performance or both." Even General LeMay conceded "that we are disappointed" in the contractors' performance.

The TFX has not served the intended purpose of a bi-service fighter, and its overall performance is under serious question. The cancellation of the Navy version and the cutback of the FB-111 place the entire multibillion-dollar investment under an even darker cloud than it has been under from its tempestuous beginning. The SST seems to be having its troubles. Boeing won the contract on the basis of a variable wing design, then abandoned it in favor of a fixed wing design similar to the losing submission of its rival, Lockheed.

The histories of the ABM and the supersonic strategic bomber contain illuminating parallels. By 1958 the Army had won an inter-service victory over the Air Force for control of the ABM. Earlier the Air Force had tried to develop its own system, called Wizard; the Army called its system the Nike-Zeus, and in 1959 recommended production and deployment. As with the B-70, Eisenhower did not fully support the new weapon, although millions were being spent on research, development and testing.

The magnitude of the resources that would have been wasted had we gone ahead with the Nike-Zeus when the Army wanted it was indicated in the recent testimony of Dr. George Kistiakowsky, who was Eisenhower's science adviser. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations committee last March, Dr. Kistiakowsky said that had the full Nike-Zeus been authorized in 1960, we would have spent "what was then estimated as $20 billion and could have been, judging by analogy with other large weapons systems, twice as much," and that it would now be obsolete.

As with the B-70 and AMSA, there have been deep reservations and strong resistance to ABM in the highest government circles, including Presidential and Cabinet levels. McNamara opposed it until his last year in office. In 1964, after Nike-Zeus had been abandoned in favor of Nike-X, he estimated that a Nike-X program would cost $16 billion, not including annual costs of operation. He added that his figure might be too low, that the program might have to be considerably expanded for defense against a large Soviet attack, and that before investing in it we should carefully consider the costs of additional programs that would be required once we went ahead with ABM. The civil defense program would have to be substantially expanded to protect against the effects of enemy missiles and our own ABM missiles; an expanded fallout shelter program would cost about $800 million, McNamara estimated in 1967. Improving our bomber defenses to protect the ABM would bring additional costs, estimated from $1.5 to $2.4 billion.

Thus, due to reservations and resistance based on evidence of past failures and an unfavorable cost-effectiveness ratio, the decision to produce and deploy was deferred from year to year, while funding for further R&D and testing was allowed to continue. In this way, the ABM has dragged on for more than a decade.

The prime contracts for Nike-Zeus and Nike-X, the earlier ABM systems, were awarded to Western Electric, a subsidiary of AT&T, also one of the top ten defense contractors. Actually, the Army's relationship with Western Electric goes back before Nike-Zeus at least to 1945 when the Army selected it as the Nike anti-aircraft program manager. Western Electric is also the prime contractor for the Safeguard system.

In 1964 the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, headed by Sen. John L. McClellan, issued a report containing a devastating analysis of the Army-Western Electric relationship throughout the Nike programs. The report is entitled "Pyramiding of Profits and Costs in the Missile Procurement Program." It shows, among other things, how Western Electric managed to make millions of dollars in excess profits by obtaining fees from the government for jobs on which it did absolutely no work. Western Electric's major subcontractor, Douglas Aircraft Co. (now merged into McDonnell-Douglas, another of the top ten contractors), did the same thing.

For example, on one contract (for launcher loaders) Western Electric sent to the Army invoices totaling $16.4 million, including its profit of $955,396. In fact, Western Electric had incurred direct costs of only $14,293 on that contract, for "checking over the launcher loaders." The bulk of the $16.4 million was identified as the price paid by Western Electric to its subcontractor, Douglas. Thus Western Electric was able to parlay its $14,293

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worth of effort on this one contract into $955,396, or a profit of 6,684 per cent. On another contract (for trailers), Western Electric was two steps removed from actual production, yet managed to add a $3.2 million profit for itself to the government's bill.

An analysis of Western Electric's financial reports for the ten-year period 1951 through 1960 shows an extraordinary jump in its profits with the increase in Nike sales. In 1951 Western Electric's government sales totaled 12.8 per cent of its business. Nike sales were relatively low that year, and the company's return on net investment for its government business was only 12.1 per cent. By the following year, Nike sales had picked up and so had Western Electric's profits on government business. For 1952, government sales rose to 24.4 per cent of its business, and return on investment increased to 27.7 per cent. For the ten-year period, government sales averaged 26.6 per cent of Western Electric's business: return on investment averaged 28.3 per cent on its government work.

The McClellan subcommittee concluded that Western Electric had taken large unearned profits out of the Nike programs. In addition, it reprimanded the Army for its inept administration. The Army ignored a government auditor's warning that unreasonable profits were being charged. It permitted its own technical competence to deteriorate so badly that it became dependent on contractors like Western Electric. The report contains the following conclusion: "Knowing that the Army lacked the capability to manage the system, Western Electric refused to maintain responsibility for systems integrity unless all Nike parts were bought through them. They gave one concession, permitting the Army to procure, elsewhere, standard items such as screwdrivers, pliers, antifreeze, and paper cups."

The report, by the way, also criticizes Boeing for taking excess profits in the Air Force's Bomarc missile program (part of SAGE, our bomber defense system), and General Dynamics for doing the same in the Titan missile program. Boeing beefed up its profits in two ways, by playing the profit pyramiding game and by overestimating its costs during contract negotiations with the government so as to increase its profits under the incentive contract provisions.

The ABM and AMSA are both built on foundations of adverse experiences. Their survival, or disinterment, is a tribute to the persistence of their purveyors. How much else lies buried in the defense budget? Too much. It is as if a vast subcontinent were filled with the buried treasures of a dozen Captain Kidds and their crews. If one were to read the defense budget like a treasure map one could recognize the telltale signs of perhaps a score of other multibillion-dollar weapons systems, stashed away in various stages of development and production.

To name a few, in addition to ABM and AMSA, there are MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle for nuclear missiles), Minuteman III (replacement for Minuteman I and Minuteman II ICBMs), MOL (manned orbiting lab), Poseidon (replacement for Polaris nuclear submarine missiles), AWACS (airborne warning and control system), C-5A (huge cargo plane), F-14 (new Navy fighter plane) and F-15 (new Air Force fighter plane). Numerous other programs, whose eventual costs are secret, occasionally come to the surface because of investigations by Congress or through the press. Examples are the Sanguine program in Wisconsin and chemical and biological warfare projects, such as the one that killed more than 6,000 sheep near the Dugway Proving Grounds, Utah, in 1968. And the public gets glimpses of other programs from time to time when it suits the Defense Department's purposes. The eventual costs are unknown because they are all still in the R&D stage. Examples recently made known by the Pentagon are laser-guided bombs, TV-guided bombs and missiles, a Navy shipboard missile defense system, and a ship- and air-launched anti-ship missile.

The point here is that it is difficult if not impossible to keep track of every scheme to find money for every weapons system and anti-weapons system from the time it may be only a gleam in a contractor's eye through its conception, nurture, growth and delivery. Occasionally, a large program like the ABM will appear to be so ill conceived that a campaign specifically to defeat it will be necessary. But the fact is that even if ABM is significantly retarded this year, the great effort that has gone into the anti-ABM campaign would probably have to be duplicated again and again. The Army will not sit still while its service rivals get the big, prestigious weapons systems, and the Army's contractors will not sit idle while its competitors get the more lucrative contracts. For these reasons, the most effective approach to control over military spending, in addition to fighting the more ominous and ludicrous individual programs, is to reduce the level of military spending by a significant amount. Senator Proxmire and others in the Senate and House have recommended a $10 billion cut this year. Sen. Allen J. Ellender recently expressed the growing concern over the defense budget when he stated: "I think this year it is going to become much more obvious to the Congress and public how much the tremendous level of Pentagon spending is costing the nation in relation to our other needs. This is the primary reason I am so opposed to the commitment of vast sums of money to the development of military hardware, which all too often becomes obsolete before it is ever operational. It is a waste, a gigantic waste, and it detracts from the scale of our national life."

The sheer inefficiency of defense management and defense production, as demonstrated by such recent fiascos as the TFX, the C-5A, and the Sheridan-Shillelagh tank, more than justifies this kind of statement. With less money to play around with, the Pentagon might possibly impose a greater sense of responsibility upon itself and encourage the defense industry to do the same. Efficiency, of course, is not the single nor even the main issue. Rationality, balance and civility are at stake in the current struggle over the size of the defense budget. That is why the real question may be not *when*, but *whether*, demobilization is possible.

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2. Vietnam: The 200-Year Mortgage

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The war in Vietnam is now the longest war in American history. Taking the date the first U.S. troops were killed in combat as the beginning (July 8, 1959), it is now nearing its tenth year. Even if the most optimistic forecasts come true, and a cease-fire is achieved this year, the Vietnamese conflict will have lasted two years longer than the American Revolution and more than twice as long as the Civil War.

Except for World War II, Vietnam has been by far the most expensive war in American history. In initial dollar costs, according to official figures, it will have cost $110 billion by the end of the next fiscal year. This figure is already double the initial cost of the Korean War and more than three times higher than the original cost of World War I. If the war continues for another ten months, it will also surpass World War I in the total number of casualties (already more men have been wounded than in World War I) and become our third most costly war in the number of men killed and wounded in action.

But the most striking thing about the price of the war in Vietnam is that the *greatest costs are yet to come*. If history is an accurate guide in these matters—and we have no other—the expenditures for veterans' benefits over the next century will be at least 50 per cent more than the initial cost of the war itself. Twenty per cent of the adult population are veterans, and one in every seven is receiving some kind of compensation. Their support now costs the nation almost twice as much as federal public welfare assistance. When one adds to these veteran costs the annual interest payments on debt incurred because of the Vietnamese War, the ultimate cost becomes at least *three times* its initial cost. This kind of accounting is seldom if ever mentioned in debates about the war.

It is extremely difficult to measure the monetary costs of any war. The Executive office of the President has, however, made a valiant attempt to ascertain the costs of the war in Vietnam since 1965. Its findings are printed in the 1970 *Budget of the United States Government* (p. 74). According to these, in fiscal 1970 the war will eat up 13 per cent of all federal expenditures, and will have cost a total of $108.5 billion since 1965. But these figures do not tell the whole story. Actually, only about $100 billion of the federal budget is relatively controllable; the remainder is already committed or in trust funds. Of this $100 billion, no less than 80 per cent is accounted for by national defense. Vietnam accounts for 32 per cent of the 1970 defense budget, and in terms of what the government can actually decide to spend in that year, the war is really costing us 25 per cent of all expenditures, not the 13 per cent that official figures indicate. This percentage, it should be noted, is based on a projected reduction of $5 billion from 1969 costs of the war. It is further assumed that the big increases are over. But that is what we were told in 1968 and costs *increased* by $2 billion. If the war in fact continues at its present rate, almost a third of the disposable federal budget will be committed to Southeast Asia. If the war escalates, the ratio could easily go to one-half.

Official figures also underestimate the costs of the war in other ways. Only American personnel actually stationed in South Vietnam, now approximately 532,500, are generally counted. Since 1967, however, at least 77,000 Americans have been stationed in Thailand or serving offshore as support forces. They would bring the total in the *immediate* zone to 634,000. In addition, more than 250,000 "back-up" men in the United States and elsewhere are probably not counted in cost estimates, and they would raise the total number of men committed to the war closer to 884,000. These additional personnel obviously add to the costs.

Moreover, for reasons that have not been made clear, the official figures measure costs only since 1965. But Americans have been stationed in Vietnam since 1954, and combat troops have been killed there since July 1959. Between 1954 and 1964, 58,885 men served a year apiece and the cost of their support is also omitted from the official estimates. At $25,000 per man year—a figure suggested in 1967 by Robert Anthony, formerly Assistant Secretary of Defense—this would increase the overall war costs by $1.5 billion.

In figuring the costs of war, however, short-run outlays are not nearly so informative as long term. The

Graysmith, The San Francisco Chronicle
"Sure Keeps the Sun Out, Don't He?"

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pattern of long-term costs indicates that the bulk of the money is spent long after the fighting stops. The basic reason is that veterans benefits for our major wars during the past century have averaged 1.8 times the original cost of those wars. The estimated original cost of the Civil War is $3.07 billion (Union forces only). Veterans benefits by 1967 had amounted to $8.57 billion, or an increase over the original cost of 280 per cent. Projected veterans benefits for World War I, World War II and the Korean War will increase the original cost 155 per cent, 125 per cent, and 170 per cent respectively. History, therefore, is a better guide to the real cost of war than contemporary official figures.

If one measures the original cost of our three earliest wars—the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Mexican War—as the amount spent by the Departments of the Army and Navy during the war years, one finds that each of these wars cost roughly $100 million. Veterans benefits then began to be paid out and climbed steadily, peaking in the case of the War of 1812 some sixty-eight years later. These benefits continued to be paid for the War of 1812 until 1946, 131 years after that war ended. Veterans benefits for the Mexican War did not drop below $1 million per year until this decade, more than a century later. These benefits have increased the original cost of the first three wars by 68 per cent, 44 per cent, and 65 per cent, respectively.

The reason why veterans costs do not peak until at least two generations *after* the fighting has terminated, and do not stop until well over a century later, is best explained by an example. Suppose a drummer boy, age 14, became a soldier in 1861 and was disabled in that war. Suppose also that he married, had children, his wife died, and he remarried late in life, at say age 60 in 1907. Suppose further that his second wife was 25 years old at marriage and that at age 30 she bore him a child who was mentally or physically incapable of supporting himself. That child would be 57 years old today and still drawing benefits—more than a century after the war ended. The example is not farfetched: in 1967, 1,353 such dependents of Civil War veterans were still drawing benefits that amounted to more than $1 million annually.

Veterans benefits projected for more recent wars are also instructive. Up to 1967, veterans benefits for the Spanish-American War had amounted to $5.3 billion, or *twelve times* the original cost of that war! Moreover, the peak of these payments did not come until fifty-one years after the war ended. World War I veterans benefits probably peaked three years ago or forty-nine years after that war was over. World War II veterans benefits will probably peak at the turn of this century, and dependents of Vietnamese veterans will be drawing benefits until the 22nd century!

After veterans benefits, the interest on money borrowed to fight our major wars is the heaviest long-range cost. Again, any attempt to reach precise figures is extremely difficult, but the pattern is not hard to determine. Before World War I, interest costs probably ranged from one-fifth to three-fourths the original cost of a given war. These are conservatively estimated as follows: Most of the national debt during the early years of the Republic were Revolutionary War debts. If only two-thirds of the interest on that debt between 1790 and 1800 is taken as a fair estimate, the cost of the Revolutionary War is raised by about one-fifth. The increase in interest payments on the national debt from 1816 to 1836, when the debt was paid out, adds about one-third to the 1812 war costs. Prior to the Civil War, interest on the public debt was less than $4 million. During that war it jumped from that figure in 1861 to 144 million in 1867. Interest payments fell gradually over the next twenty-five years and then leveled off at about $30 million annually. Since very few federal programs that would add to the deficit were undertaken during those laissez-faire years, one may attribute the greater part of the interest payments to the Civil War.

Interest costs for World War I have been much more carefully figured. Some years ago, John M. Clark, in *The Costs of the World War to the American People,* calculated the original cost to be $33 billion. The U. S. Treasury figured the interest to 1929 at $9.5 billion. Total interest amounted to about $15 billion, or approximately 46 per cent of the original cost.

Henry C. Murphy, in *National Debt in War and Transition,* shows that the government borrowed about $215 billion at 2.5 per cent interest to finance World War II. That debt has not been paid off. Indeed, at no time since 1946 has the gross public debt fallen below $252 billion, and it has been increasing rapidly in recent years because of Great Society programs and Vietnam. Assuming that it takes *only* as long to pay off this war debt as it did the Civil War debt—say thirty years—interest payments will amount to approximately $200 billion. That is 53 per cent of the original cost and quite in line with the 46 per cent figure for World War I.

In 1951, the gross public debt was $255 billion; in 1955 it was almost $275 billion. If one-half of that increase is attributable to the Korean War, then in 25 years at 4 per cent the interest costs on the Korean War will have amounted to $10 billion.

The purpose of this exercise in figures is to give some idea of what we may reasonably expect the war in Vietnam to cost. Using the pattern of veterans benefits paid out for World War I, World War II and the Korean War as a guide, we may anticipate that the Vietnamese conflict will eventually cost about 150 per cent of its original cost. This figure is conservative, however, because a much higher percentage of GIs now use their educational benefits, and life expectancy is increasing. Benefits also tend to be more inclusive with time and rise with the cost of living.

Using the Civil War, World War I, World War II and the Korean War as guidelines, we may fairly expect interest costs of the Vietnamese War to be roughly half again as much as the original cost. In short, even assuming a major de-escalation at the end of this year and a total withdrawal next year, the final bill for Vietnam will be about $330 billion.

It should be emphasized that this is a conservative fig-

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ure, taking account of only the direct major monetary outlays. It does not include war-caused inflation, the loss of services and earnings by the 33,000 men killed in the war to date, the cost of resentment abroad, the depletion of natural resources, the postponement of critical domestic programs, the arrested training and education of our youth, the suspended cultural progress of our nation—and, of course, no price on the death and destruction suffered by the South Vietnamese civilians in the war zone itself.

The estimated ultimate cost of the Vietnamese War is so high that it boggles the mind unless placed in perspective. How much money is $330 billion? Compared with other federal expenditures during the same period (fiscal years 1960-70), the war in Vietnam has cost ten times more than Medicare and medical assistance, sixteen times more than support for education, and thirty-three times more than was spent for housing and community development. We have spent ten times more money on Vietnam in ten years than we have spent in our entire history for public higher education or for police protection. Put another way, the war has cost us one-fifth of the value of current personal financial assets of all living Americans, a third again as much as all outstanding home mortgages, and six times the total U.S. money now in circulation.

When one looks back over the cost of wars in American history, an evil nemesis seems to dog our destiny. Each of the major wars in the past century (the Civil War, World War I and World War II) has cost initially about ten times more than the previous war. The Civil War initially cost $3 billion, World War I $33 billion and World War II $381 billion. Since World II, our major conflicts have tended to *double* in price. Korea cost $54 billion and Vietnam to date has cost $110 billion. Total federal expenditures, moreover, have tended to increase four to five times after each major war. In the case of Vietnam, government expenditures to date (1960-69) have doubled. If this trend continues, wars may soon be simply too expensive to contemplate, and governments too cumbersome to endure.

BLUNDER IN BRAZIL

Washington Backs the Pooh Bahs

DOM BONAFEDE
Mr. Bonafede, since late in December on the editorial staff of The Washington Post, *was for the previous fourteen months chief Latin American correspondent of* Newsweek, *stationed in Rio de Janeiro.*

Quietly, almost without notice, the United States has once again become entangled in a Latin America dilemma resulting from its own meandering policies in inter-American affairs. In this instance, the diplomatic blunder concerns Brazil, the largest, richest and most potent of the Latin American countries, where the government of President Artur da Costa e Silva last December 13 made official the nation's military dictatorship. Costa e Silva signed the Fifth Institutional Act, a decree without judicial appeal, which declared a state of siege, closed Congress and imposed press censorship. This was accompanied by a police roundup which resulted in the imprisonment of some 200 oppositionists. In supplementary action, the President deprived the Brazilians of their last vestige of political and individual rights by purging the Supreme Court, recessing several state legislatures and suspending the political privileges of more than two score members of Congress, adding them to the estimated 600 political figures who earlier had been *cassadoed.*

The 66-year-old President with the putty face, dark glasses and foppish mustache had clearly been driven to invoking these repressive measures by a military clique that was enraged by a year-long series of anti-government demonstrations led by students, artists, priests and intellectuals.

Thus, within five years after the generals and colonels had usurped the government, the tight military state envisioned by the hard liners became a fact. No one at the State Department is likely to issue a note of reminder on the subject, but the sad truth is that in 1964 the United States acted as counsel and banker to the armed forces when they deposed Joao Goulart, a constitutional President but an ineffectual administrator who, in the view of the duennas in uniform, was flirting dangerously with the international Left.

Normal political institutions were scrapped and upon the wreckage was built a militaristic government headed by Gen. Humberto Castelo Branco, a dour, primly proper career officer who looked on the military as the rightful repository of the country's welfare. Inevitably, the "reign of the generals" was established in the name of anti-communism, a hackneyed ploy of Latin American military czars.

The chief instigator and executor of U.S. policy on the occasion was Ambassador Lincoln Gordon, now president of Johns Hopkins University. In the early years of the euphemistically styled "revolution," Gordon served as a virtual viceroy to Castelo Branco. He had open access to the President and was consulted at every turn. Indeed, Castelo Branco and his economic adviser, Roberto Campos, made hardly a move without consulting the U.S. ambassador.

Gordon's defense of his role was implied in a letter he wrote to *The New York Times* in July 1967, chastising it for what he claimed was an unjust, intemperate and historically inaccurate editorial on the death of Castelo Branco, who was killed in a plane crash several months after leaving office. Gordon took issue with the *Times* for

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characterizing the late President as a "dictator" operating behind a "latticework of legality." He wrote:

> History will long dispute the merits of the acts of commission and omission during the past three years in Brazil. Castelo Branco lacked both the experience and the temperament for genuine popular leadership, but he did know that the Brazilian body politic had never recovered from the dictatorship of Getulio Vargas and that some kind of basic political therapy, if not surgery, was indispensable.
>
> It can be said with assurance that the prospects today for stable and genuine constitutional democracy in Brazil are far better than three years ago, or than they would have been if the hard liners had taken power.

By signing the Fifth Institutional Act, and assuming full dictatorial power, Costa e Silva, the successor to Castelo Branco, emptied Gordon's defense of any semblance of validity. To resurrect an archaic joke, the "surgery" performed by Castelo Branco was a success but the patient died. Inevitably, the "prospects" for a "genuine constitutional democracy in Brazil" went with it and the hard liners, despite the hopeful vision by Gordon, have taken over.

The demise of the last semblance of democracy in Brazil was a matter of disappointment, dismay and embarrassment to Washington, as in a large measure it was attributable to a major U.S. policy blunder which might well have as great an impact on inter-American affairs as the emergency of Castroism did at the opposite end of the ideological scale.

Because of its geographic proximity, Marxist principles and theatrical conception, Castro's Cuba evokes an emotional response in Americans. But in discussing Brazil one should keep in mind that it is larger than the continental United States, has a population of almost 90 million (compared to 8 million in Cuba), is the fifth biggest country in the world and possesses untapped natural resources beyond estimation.

Politically, it is the axis on which all of Latin America pivots. It is hardly coincidence that once the military became solidly ensconced in Brazil their inspired counterparts in Argentina, Peru and Panama took control in those countries.

At present, about three-fourths of Latin America's population is ruled by military pooh bahs, which is certainly no testament to the effectiveness of the Alliance for Progress, whose original goal under President Kennedy was increased social and political liberalism. Our good offices in Brazil in 1964 were justified on the ground that firm measures were needed to rescue the country from a drifting malaise, which Gordon contended could lead to a Communist take-over. (It is doubtful, however, that there were then 25,000 hard-core Communists in Brazil.) Furthermore, the military interdiction was billed as a brief unpleasantness before returning the nation to an undefined form of representative government. (It should be recalled that this occurred only a few months after Lyndon Johnson became President. The Panama flag riots had already created a trying Latin American crisis and the State Department's Office of Inter-American Affairs was uncertain as to its direction under the new President.)

Once committed, the United States was compelled to continue its role as underwriter of the Brazilian military. Consequently, Washington poured aid into Brazil amounting to a quarter billion dollars annually, greater than any other nonwar recipient except India. The U.S. mission in Brazil bloomed into one of the biggest overseas complexes in the world, encompassing two embassies (one in Rio de Janeiro and the other in Brasilia), and more than 900 American personnel, including 415 AID employees and 200 members of the military mission, twenty-six of whom were listed as "defense attachés." In addition, there were 635 Peace Corpsmen and 1,005 Brazilians on the U.S. payroll at nearly $12 million a year.

The AID setup, a colossus in itself, occupies the top twelve floors of a bank building in downtown Rio de Janeiro which, wryly enough, is called the "Beg Building" (a contraction of the initials of the Banco do Estado da Guanabara). AID also maintains twenty-eight field offices, a regional headquarters in Recife and numerous special project branches. At one point, it was involved in eighty-three different projects, at least thirty of which were characterized as nonessential in an embassy report to Washington.

Included under AID is a $750,000 public safety program, in which sixteen former U.S. police officers teach Brazilian cops modern police techniques. It is a question just how this fits in with U.S. aims to promote social-economic-political development. Former U.S. Ambassador John W. Tuthill asked in a moment of exasperation, "What has police training to do with national development?"

At the height of the student protests in the spring of 1968, Guanabara state police displayed an indiscriminate use of force against demonstrators and innocent bystanders that reflected little credit on the U.S. public safety program. In one disgraceful incident, mounted troops with flaying swords clamored up the steps of Candelaria Church in downtown Rio de Janeiro to disperse a peaceful throng of mourners honoring a student martyr. The answer to Tuthill's question is that police training has precious little to do with national development, but is of considerable help to a regime which relies on force and fear to perpetuate itself.

In another area, the U.S. Information Service staff in Brazil is larger than the total complement of some embassies; it lists about sixty Americans and 158 Brazilians. And although the Embassy and AID offices in Rio de Janeiro are separated by only a few blocks, each maintains a separate press and information office.

In citing numbers of personnel it should be stressed that it costs the U.S. taxpayer about $40,000 annually to maintain one American employee abroad. Then there are the fringe benefits. The Americans in Brasilia live rent free in a U.S.-owned apartment house (called "Gringolandia" by the locals), presumably as compensation for being assigned to the socially somnolent new capital. Employees stationed in Recife and Belém are allowed a 10 per cent "hardship post" differential, even though the former has more than a million population and the latter in excess of a half million.

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In Rio de Janeiro, the U.S. employee has access to a large PX, where he can buy anything from television sets to frozen vegetables for less than he would pay back home. He also enjoys the privilege of a liquor pool conveniently located in the Embassy basement, which is given the bureaucratic misnomer of "Embassy special unit sales." All this is by way of pointing up the magnitude and gaudy opulence of the U.S. presence in Brazil. As one might reasonably ask, to what purpose?

The Brazilian military elite commands an authoritative regime out of touch with the needs and aspirations of Brazilian society, the exception being the wealthy industrialists whose objectives are compatible with those of the armed forces. A return to civilian government is not even dimly seen on the political horizon, certainly not in the elections scheduled for early 1971.

United States-Brazilian relations, despite our largess, or possibly because of it, have deteriorated to their lowest point in decades. The xenophobic climate in the country has inevitably produced a plethora of wild anti-Yankee stories: American Protestant missionaries offering voluntary birth control aid in the Brazilian interior are really Washington agents assigned to depopulate the Amazon region where the United States plans to deport trouble-making Negroes; a recommendation by the Hudson Institute that part of the Amazon Basin be flooded for development purposes is a covert form of "neo-colonialism"; the United States is depleting the country's natural resources by importing toads and frogs, and finally, according to one bizarre charge, heads of cadavers allegedly sent to U.S. medical schools are producing a "brain drain." Although absurd in the extreme, the widely circulated reports have had a corrosive effect on relations between the two countries.

The situation was further exacerbated by legitimate differences between the United States and Brazil over the dumping of soluble Brazilian coffee on the U.S. market, the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (Brazil had refused to sign it, maintaining that as a sovereign nation it has a right to establish an atomic weapons program, which, coincidentally, it is financially incapable of doing for at least ten years), and massive land purchases by American speculators (accused of trying to smuggle out "radioactive ore").

Another wedge was inserted when Ambassador Tuthill twice met privately with Carlos Lacerda, the feared opositionist who has been instrumental in the overthrow of three Presidents. Costa e Silva claimed the Ambassador's "secret" sessions constituted an affront to the government. Lacerda had earlier attempted to create an opposition bloc called the *frente ampla* (broad front) with the support of former President Juscelino Kubitschek, but the organization, actually never more than amorphous, was outlawed by the government.

Tuthill denied (rather weakly, it must be admitted) that his meetings with Lacerda were secret and further contended that it is customary for an ambassador to speak with nationals of various political colorations. Be that as it may, Tuthill did not have an audience with Costa e Silva for the next six months.

Washington's motives these days are distrusted even when they are most selfless as, for example, the multi-million-dollar U.S. project to improve higher education in Brazil. Perhaps no other area in Brazilian society is in more need of reform. As characterized by *Jornal do Brasil*, the education system is "worm-eaten, obsolete and inept." Yet efforts by the United States to help correct the system have been rebuffed by students, professors and government officials with charges that the United States is seeking to "implant American thought on the minds of Brazilian youths."

Englehardt, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Your Rate of Growth Hasn't Been Too Good"

In an apparent effort to mitigate its former dalliance with the Brazilian military, the State Department through its spokesmen in Washington and Rio de Janeiro insists on referring to the government as "military dominated" or "military oriented." This bit of semantic fakery is then repeated by U.S. correspondents. In a singular affectation of understatement, *The New York Times* in its January 20 economic survey of the Americas referred to the broad-based, anti-government clamor against the Costa e Silva regime as "sniping." Other observers find it comforting to say the military government is "a dictatorship but not a tyranny," as though it were really possible to have one without the other.

No matter how one categorizes the Costa e Silva government, the fact remains that the United States has played

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too much of an operational and advisory role over too wide a sector of Brazilian affairs. This has produced an anti-American backlash even among the military which Washington propped up and helped put in office. Also the U.S. identification with the ruling military clique and the American penchant for material exhibitionism alienated the mass of Brazilians, the very people we are hoping to win over.

The problem facing the United States is how to divorce itself gracefully from continued identification with the Brazilian military government. The Nixon Administration can, of course, drastically slash the U.S. aid program, and suspend it altogether should the Costa e Silva regime go ahead with a proposal by the hard liners to purchase French Mirage fighter jets. As a palliative this has proved ineffective in the past and is unlikely to be more useful in the future, yet it serves the vital function of announcing to the world our disaffection with repressive military dictatorships.

The point could further be emphasized by making good announced plans to diminish the U.S. mission and by recalling the outsized U.S. military contingent. The latter action would undoubtedly be opposed by the Pentagon which, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., once said, seems to have an "incestuous" relationship with Latin American military establishments. The Pentagon assuredly would base its opposition on the ground that Latin American military resources are necessary to the security of the South Atlantic, a highly dubious contention considering the size, training and obsolescence of those resources.

Above all, if it wants to give encouragement to the muffled voices of democracy in Latin America, the United States must make known its disenchantment with Brazil's dictatorial military regime. For Washington to wring its hands and express the wan hope that Brazil's military cabal will relax its repression—as the State Department did at the time of the December crackdown—is the height of folly. It merely compounds the original mistake of 1964.

ISOLATION OF THE NEW LEFT

CARL GERSHMAN

Mr. Gershman is a staff member of the A. Philip Randolph Institute. He is also on the editorial board of New America *and a member of the Young People's Socialist League. His article is one of several that* The Nation *has run, and will be running, to provide various points of view by members of the New Left generation. An early issue will carry a piece by Melvin C. Shefftz on the New Left in England; another by John McDermott is in preparation.*

It is hard to think of social conditions more conducive to the growth of a powerful left-wing political movement than those which obtained in America in 1968. In the few years that preceded the election, this country had been swept by currents of protest and frustration that it has rarely, if ever, experienced before. The urban and racial crises, together with protests against the war in Vietnam, encouraged the Left to believe that Americans in impressive numbers were prepared to break with the system.

The election returns last November proved this to have been unwarranted optimism. The only protest candidate to receive a substantial number of votes was the right-winger George Wallace, all the candidates on the Left accumulating about one-fiftieth of his total. New Left demonstrations against the elections at schools, universities and polling places also had a negligible effect.

This, of course, is not to deny that the New Left is still very much alive, as can be seen from the campus disruptions this spring. But the fact that the New Left "offensive" is limited to the university indicates the movement's failure to gain power within the larger society. The university hardly represents "the power structure," as the New Leftists are given to charging. On the contrary, it has shown itself to be a remarkably vulnerable institution which can be pushed to the verge of destruction by a handful of students who decide to occupy a building. Set off from society as it is, the university is an ideal place for students to play at revolution. But such play is only further proof that the New Left has abandoned any serious attempt to reach beyond itself to build a movement that can seriously alter the power relations in the society. Many New Leftists explain their isolation as being the result of the manipulation of the rest of society by a seemingly tolerant but actually repressive elite. But the source of the difficulty lies more within themselves and can be traced to certain weaknesses which have plagued the movement since it began almost a decade ago.

These weaknesses have long been recognized by critics both within and without the movement. They include an obsessive anti-intellectualism which has precluded the development of an analysis of society beyond the assertion that individuals must have a greater voice in the decisions which control their lives. Related to this has been the failure to develop anything approaching a political program or a structured political organization that could carry out a program were one to be conceived.

These and other weaknesses have been acknowledged by New Left leaders, who have made serious but largely futile efforts to correct them. They have tried to transform SDS from a collection of autonomous chapters, each "doing its thing," into a centralized organization, but the chapter people have resisted. They have also resisted the imposition of an ideology which could provide a unifying social analysis and indicate a course of action.

At least as interesting as the rejection of any ideology by the bulk of New Leftists has been the kind of ideology to emerge from the theoretically oriented segments of

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the movement. In effect, New Left ideologues have tried to systematize the growing disaffection of middle-class youth from "neo-capitalist" society. Drawing heavily on Herbert Marcuse, they demand "an end to all reprisive civilization" and describe the political implications of the sexual revolution, and they look toward the Frenchmen Serge Mallet and André Gorz to position the rise of a "new" working class of technicians and professionals that will replace the old industrial working class as the revolutionary force in post-industrial society.

This new ideology, like the movement itself, is both a product of, and an expression of dissatisfaction with, the affluence of middle-class America. It reveals a tendency, present in the New Left from the start, that the central problems of our society are cultural, not economic, that they involve more a quest for meaning and identity in the midst of an arid bourgeois culture than a struggle to achieve economic and political equality for all people within that society. Indeed, this struggle for equality can be justified only insofar as it satisfies the primary need for meaning. If its purpose is simply to enable more people to join the bourgeoisie, then it is not worth the trouble. Marcuse, a major spokesman for this position, has criticized the civil rights movement because one of its accomplishments has been to give more Negroes the opportunity to join the middle class.

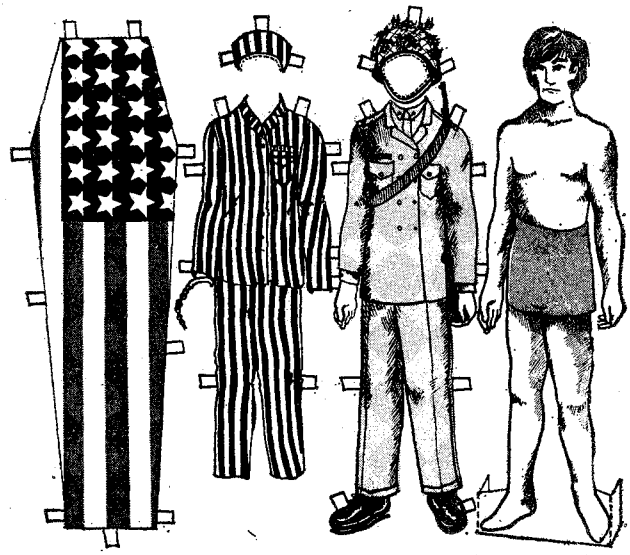
The irony of these anti-bourgeois ideas is that they reveal the New Left to be so caught up in its own bourgeois problems and dissatisfactions that it has been unable to sympathize with the concerns of less wealthy Americans. The central injustice it is protesting is not the exploitation of the blacks or of the poor, not even the unequal distribution of power in the universities—it is the fact of being involuntarily thrust into a world of great affluence and complacency, and then being educated, involuntarily, to the point where one is conscious of hypocrisy.

This particular "injustice" is restricted to young people from liberal upper-middle-class homes, and then again to the brightest of them. The anti-intellectualism of the New Left, for example, is largely a rejection of the intellectualism of the highly educated parents of movement members. By spurning the capacity for complex thought the New Left has given itself but one alternative, what Daniel Bell calls "the moralizing of belief" which, by excluding complication or compromise, leads ultimately to "the vulgarization of politics." Thus the constant disruptive confrontations of the New Left serve the function of justifying and perpetuating its moralistic politics, but people tire of disruption, and a movement without firmer social roots can hardly endure.

The anti-intellectualism and moral purism of the New Left have given rise to what is today that movement's most disturbing features—a disrespect for "bourgeois" civil liberties and a tolerance of disruptive tactics. Milovan Djilas may have had these tendencies in mind when recently he criticized the New Left for tending toward "Marxism more pure than Lenin's; a dictatorship more pure than Stalin's." The New Left may be not precisely Marxist, Leninist or Stalinist, yet the comment remains a probing, and perhaps prophetic, critique of the movement.

The anti-materialism of the New Left is more clearly a product of its affluent origins, and it above all has blinded the movement to the real concerns of the American poor. New Leftists are simply bored by talk of the welfare state; they would rather talk about personal liberation than about the need to secure adequate education, jobs and homes. The New Left is not alone in holding this attitude—it is shared by numerous middle-class intellectuals. But intellectuals, despite their influence, do not form an adequate social base for a political movement, and the New Left's anti-materialism has effectively isolated it from the mass of Americans who desire the very things New Leftists have rejected.

A third feature of the New Left, again a product of the movement's social origins, is its elitism, which has been



The Old Mole, Boston

clearly underscored by the new Marcusian ideology. It is ironic that elitism should emerge from a movement that originally asserted the necessity for all people to realize their dignity through participation in the decisions which control their lives. Yet there was always an element of elitism and self-indulgence in this concept, for "participatory democracy," as proposed by *engagé* New Leftists, became an attempt by alienated members of the middle class to impose their values upon poor people who were more concerned with material advance than personal salvation. It is little wonder that the SDS organizing projects in Northern cities met with such limited success, for the poor in these areas had little use for New Left romanticism. Their perspective was tempered by poverty.

Given the inability of the New Left to gain a constituency among the lower- and lower-middle classes, it is only natural that the movement should turn toward the "new" working class, composed of people from a higher social stratum who share many of the attitudes of the New Left. It is worth speculating on the role that the movement has played in the social mobility of upper-middle-class youth. What appears as a rejection of

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bourgeois status values may indeed be simply their displacement. Through the movement, young people have tried to develop an alternative style of life so as to avoid duplicating the accomplishments of their parents. The subject is too large to be dealt with adequately here, but it may be a characteristically American phenomenon, especially among the descendants of immigrants, for a younger generation to continue the mobility of its parents. In the case of the New Left this mobility may not be upward (there was little room to move in that direction) but it may nevertheless derive from the same impulse to move on from the old to conquer new worlds.

This explains in part a fourth major feature of the New Left—its obsession with style. Since the movement began some eight years ago, its outstanding quality has been the distinctive style—bohemian, dramatic, individualistic—that has characterized all of its actions. Erik Erikson has written of the need among adolescents to seek a confirmation of identity through distinctive modes of behavior and dress, but whatever the psychological origins of this phenomenon, its effect on the New Left movement has been to emphasize the style of political action over its substance. Thus the process of carrying out a program has been more important than whatever political effects that program might have. Again, the New Left has permitted itself to be preoccupied with its own concerns, which are often very different from those of the poor.

The effect on the New Left of anti-intellectualism, anti-materialism, elitism, and obsession with style has been its progressive isolation from anything approaching a broad social base. The result has been a growing frustration within the movement, a heightening of rhetoric, and, in general, an intensification of all the tendencies that lead to ultra-radicalism.

We can thus expect for a time an escalation of the politics of moral aggression. Such politics are hardly calculated to help the poor, for they promise a movement to the right which has already gained considerable momentum. Past beneficiaries of New Left tactics have been Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon and George Wallace, and they and other politicians should continue to ride the wave of reaction. Besides helping the Right, the New Left is also setting the stage for its own destruction. New Leftists have always had a greater appreciation for the present than the past, but they would do well to study the era of Joe McCarthy and other periods of political repression in America. The consequences of repression have never been revolution but rather the disintegration of the Left and a general curtailment of "bourgeois" civil liberties. The New Left may survive as a cultural phenomenon, but its political prospects are not very bright.

But the major cause for the decline of the New Left may be its success, or at least the acceptance of its basic demands by major elements within the society. Other political movements in American history, such as the Abolitionist or Populist movements, dissolved after the society had adapted to the demands they had made upon it. The problem with the New Left is that its demands are not fundamentally political; we can hardly expect the government to legislate "a new happier consciousness," which, as one writer has indicated, is the only thing that could satisfy it. But a different and unexpected phenomenon has been occurring. The liberal community, from which the movement sprang and to which, by virtue of class connections if nothing else, it still remains attached, has been gradually accommodating itself to the New Left world view. It has embraced participatory democracy, and today it preaches the virtues of decentralization and the vices of large institutions with a fervor that is tempered only by its bourgeois style. While it does not share the alienation of the New Left, it has nevertheless moved sufficiently far to co-opt all but the most uncompromising young radicals. Perhaps this is not co-optation but simply the return of many prodigal sons to a class whose values they had never seriously rejected. It is worth speculating that if the New Left had become a powerful movement with deep social roots, it might have forced from its elders concessions of truly major proportions. As it is, we are left with a moderately altered culture but have wasted the opportunity to build what might have been the first significant and effective radical movement in American history. It can only be hoped that a future New Left will study the 1960s in an effort to understand and avoid the mistakes of its fathers.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 650)*

but from willful blindness. Their access to data storage and processing, of which McDermott makes so much, cannot transcend the computerman's acronym GIGO—"Garbage In, Garbage Out." Judging from the outputs we have been getting—the SST, the ABM, Vietnam, inflation—one need not guess at the input.

There is nothing new or recondite about the sources of power in today's America. They are, in every essential respect, the same as in the days of Sam Insull, of the elder Rockefeller, of the Big Four and the Credit Mobilier: a benign governmental climate, the right political connections and, above all, "maldistribution of the nation's property"—money.

McDermott has conjured up his thesis of the "knowledge gap" in a seeming effort to explain what he deems to be the weakness of American radicalism. The true explanation, I suggest, is much simpler. The modern American Left originated not much more than five years ago—and, for all practical purposes, *de novo*. It lacked, and still lacks, a coherent ideology and a long-range program; it is only beginning to acquire expertise in how American institutions work, and how to influence them. Yet it has managed, with all its handicaps, to force the withdrawal of an American President and the de-escalation of the Vietnamese War—accomplishments which are trivial only to those who dream of instant revolution. If the Left is still far less influential than we could wish, the reason is not that the "Establishment" has cornered the knowledge market but that the Left has not had time—or, in some cases, the inclination—to assimilate the knowledge available to it.

One can agree with McDermott's contention that the Left needs to do its homework—while hoping that the texts it studies will be less chimerical and more factual than the one he is constructing.

Robert Claiborne

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power

IVOR KRAFT
Mr. Kraft, formerly child development specialist with HEW, now professor at Sacramento State College, has written frequently for The Nation *on educational issues.*

Schools are an invention of the Bronze Age. They have changed surprisingly little since then. Their fundamental hallmarks have always been inculcation of ancient truths, obedience and boredom.

In the beginning schools were needed to train scribes, who did the scribbling for Pharaohs, who did the infinitely more important job of personifying divinity and running the world. The fact that most Pharaohs were illiterate troubled them very little. But all that has changed. Schools have flourished so grandly that we now routinely equate schooling with education and education with virtue. In this sense the United States has a corner on virtue, for the world has never seen a system of schooling that is more expensive, sprawling and robust than our own.

What educational system is better than ours? The Soviet Union's? Visiting a few Russian schools and reviewing their enrollment statistics will immediately put them out of the running. True, they produced a Makarenko and his splendid *The Pedagogical Poem*; but there is nothing else worth mentioning. Britain's or France's? Oxbridge and the Sorbonne are eminent, but one has only to look at the elitist-proletarian secondary schools and the backward university and college systems, admitting less than 10 per cent of the age groups, to understand that from entrenched Anglo-Gallic pedagogical snobberies we have little to learn. What about the pleasant Scandinavian lands? Maybe, but these are such small and homogeneous societies that their educational systems cannot serve us as models. No. When it comes to the big, multi-problem nations in the 50 million-to-250 million bracket, the nations now suffering and resisting the agonies of transition from varieties of welfare capitalism and authoritarian socialism to a new society founded on principles of humanitarian participatory socialism—which must come both to America and the Soviet Union if mankind is to survive beyond the next 100 years—then it is clear that, imperfect as it may be, America's educational system is the most promising and least corrupt in the world today.

Not only is this faint praise, it is a harsh and comfortless conclusion, for when assessed against our needs and democratic ideals, the American school system is second-rate and improving but slowly.

It is a truism that communities get schools which they deserve, in the guise of ideologies which prevail. Leaving ideologies to one side, to upgrade the schools—which is equivalent to community uplift—we need to come to grips with four intricate but easily identifiable problems. The first is lack of resources, money. The second is prejudice and discrimination in access to educational opportunities. The third is the dead hand of outmoded ideas; the dried-out curriculum; the authoritarian model of school governance. The fourth is mediocrity among America's 2.5 million teachers. Each one is as crucial and resistant to solution as the other three.

Contemporary educational critics, in analyzing these problems, resemble two general varieties, the romantics and the mechanics. The former are disputatiously ideological, generally despise the Establishment, want education to be devoted to man's emotional as well as intellectual side, and stress freedom above all. The mechanics seek "excellence," want structural and organizational reform, distrust ideology, and love hardware and gimmickry. There are the usual hybrids (mechanical romantics and romantic mechanics).

The most stimulating item in this review bundle, *The Schoolhouse in the City*, displays both wings of educational criticism at their best. Here we have the architects, the dreamers, the hard-nosed administrators and the reflective scholars putting their views succinctly and persuasively in a group of essays from a 1967 Stanford University conference. Bayard Rustin, in a no-frills piece, "The Mind of the Black Militant," makes one of the most telling points of all, namely that to seek educational remedies we must go beyond education. He is discussing the decay of schooling in New York City:

> Every year there has been a new gimmick. First it was buses; the next year it was the Allen Plan. Now these are forgotten. The following year it was talk about education parks. Last year it was the More Effective Schools program. This year it's decentralization. Next year it will be still another gimmick. The fundamental reason educators have become involved in this gimmickry is that they do not seem to understand that unless there is a *master plan* to cover housing, jobs, and health, every plan for the schools will fall on its face. No piecemeal strategy can work.

But sometimes the desperate search for master plans and master solutions causes the critic in the romantic vein to bite off more than he can chew. A case in point is *Overlive*, an inferior book by an author whose every motive appears humane and liberal, so that it seems a pity to remark on the book's mishmash of complaints and postures. *Overlive* is one of a large number of

OVERLIVE: POWER, POVERTY, AND THE UNIVERSITY. *By William M. Birenbaum. Delacorte Press. 206 pp. $4.95.*

SCHOOLS WITHOUT FAILURE. *By William Glasser. Harper & Row. 235 pp. $4.95.*

DANGER IN WASHINGTON: The Story of My Twenty Years in the Public Schools in the Nation's Capital. *By Carl F. Hansen. Parker Publishing Co. 237 pp. $6.95.*

AFFIRMATIVE SCHOOL INTEGRATION: Efforts to Overcome De Facto Segregation in Urban Schools. *Edited by Roscoe Hill and Malcolm Feeley. Foreword by James S. Coleman. Sage Publications. 172 pp. $6.95.*

THE TEACHERS STRIKE: New York, 1968. *By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. 122 pp. $3.95. Paper 95c.*

110 LIVINGSTON STREET: Politics and Bureaucracy in the New York City Schools. *By David Rogers. Random House. 584 pp. $6.95.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE CITY. *Edited by Alvin Toffler. Frederick A. Praeger. 255 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.50.*

RICH SCHOOLS, POOR SCHOOLS: The Promise of Equal Educational Opportunity. *By Arthur E. Wise. University of Chicago Press. 228 pp. $9.*

METROPOLITAN AREA SCHOOLS: Resistance to District Reorganization. *By Basil G. Zimmer and Amos H. Hawley. Sage Publications. 320 pp. $7.95.*

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overwrought "crisis" books we have been getting in education. Like Keystone cops in frenzied pursuit of disappearing culprits, the crisis authors know that the world is going to pot, but they can't get a handle on the thing. Education must save the world, but it won't. All is changing. All is new. We are plunging into the 21st century. ("Radiation belts flow into the stream of our consciousness with the suddenness of a satellite's orbit.") Famine! Riots! War! Radiation belts! We educators must get involved, do something. What? The crisis author hasn't the faintest, so he writes to keep us abreast of his confusions. Since publishers, however, require books with "eloquent solutions," we get a fire-eating "recommendations" chapter at the end (more this, less that, up with freedom, down with conformity). Birenbaum's ripsnorter for salvaging higher education is: let the students help one another.

In the romantic vein but not so frenetic, Glasser's book on the rather simplistic theme that we must promote success and not failure in school is a middling, enlightened effort which is to be welcomed less for what it says than for what it portends. Glasser recommends relevance, problem solving, less emphasis on memorization and grades, a cooperative and democratic atmosphere in the classroom, more free discussions, student participation in decision making, and the like. These and other good if mild prescriptions for change were made far more cogently and profoundly by John Dewey and the pioneer progressive educators more than fifty years ago. Finally, after decades of watering down, debasing, and eventually reviling the great ideas of progressivism, books such as that by Glasser indicate that we are coming to our senses, and that the liberating doctrines of Dewey's *Democracy and Education* and *Schools of Tomorrow* are being formulated anew.

To remind us, however, that the pedagogical views of the 1890s are alive and well in the nation's capital, and that the mediocrity of a school administrator can be deep and true blue, we have the *apologia pro vita sua* of Carl Hansen, ex-superintendent of the Washington, D.C. schools. Hansen, who used to go around the Eastern seaboard talking to groups about building brotherhood until he was forced to resign as superintendent (after his system was exposed under scathing attack) attributes his *success* in "desegregating" the D.C. schools—about 90 per cent black on his departure—to "divine afflatus" (his very own words).

When a person is inspired, he gets to know that everything fits together. Hansen knows. The threat of Communist aggression in Vietnam, the federal dollars destroying local control, the people who dislike the tracking system, the student protesters, bad sexual behavior, the Negro militant ("an *émigré* from Alabama") who triggered the suit that led to his downfall, the totalitarianism of the Court ("God is not dead. . . . He is currently sitting on the Federal Bench in Washington, D.C.")—these are all part of the scurrilous forces, *Danger in Washington*, that want to drag down not only the public schools but the entire nation. What's at the bottom of it all? We're destroying our moral fiber, that's what. (But, to do him justice, tucked away in his book are some fair criticisms of lesser ailments of education.) The ex-superintendent, who thinks he wants to do good for colored folk and who does not even begin to understand the forces and powers which battered against American education in the years of his service as a schoolman, is merely an old-shoe reactionary. Is it any wonder, given this caliber of leadership, that the D.C. schools got the reputation of being among the worst in the country?

But when it comes to the worst of the worst, and some of the juiciest atrocity tales in the educational business, there are connoisseurs who say that New York City must be awarded the palm. Enrolling one of every forty American pupils, its school system is the biggest, and hence deserves to be the worst. In his *110 Livingston Street* (the headquarters address of the New York City system) Rogers tries to unravel the defense strategies of the school bureaucracy, which has implanted itself in the New York body politic with the tenacity of a phalanx of armored leeches. Rogers wants to show how desegregation and school reform in New York has been repeatedly aborted by warring middle-class pressure groups helpless to budge the bureaucracy. But the author gets lost in a welter of undigested detail, and produces a tedious, poorly written study.

It is shapeless, for Rogers, apparently as riven as his materials, develops a number of contradictory or ambiguous positions. Concerning the lay board of education, for example, he wants it to be (*a*) more powerful (*b*) less powerful (*c*) representative of the community (*d*) independent of community pressures (*e*) boldly innovative on controversial issues (*f*) cautious in avoiding head-on and self-defeating power struggles (*g*) chiefly involved in making policy for and policing the school system (*h*) chiefly engaged in lobbying for legislative changes (*i*) continued as a city-wide board (*j*) replaced by local boards (*k*) thought of as a powerful instrument for change, and (*l*) thought of as a vestigial apparatus from a former era. Aside from his belief that the situation is desperate and likely to get worse before it gets better, it is impossible to know what Rogers thinks or wants.

Another failed attempt at unraveling New York's unravelable is Martin Mayer's explanation of the recent teachers' strike. The shallowness of Mayer's background analysis is revealed by his view that our "root problem" in politics is control of professionals—not racism, not poverty, not inequality, not corruption, not the polluted mass media but the tendency of professionals to become parasites. Of course, some professionals are better than others. Albert Shanker, for example, is the "leading integrationist in the New York labor movement," a "civil rights activist," and he cuts the figure of a peerless, upright leader. (Even when he calls a conciliatory parent a liar to her face, it is merely an "unfortunate impression.") But Rhody McCoy ("confusion followed wherever he went, as the fog follows the tide") tends to say different things to different people, has an "odd locution," sympathizes with "violent . . . naive women," withholds information, makes inaccurate statements; in other words, he does indeed look like a "root problem" professional. Mayer's book, tacky journalism of a jaundiced hue, does not deserve a reading.

New York's school problems stem not from a sick bureaucracy but are variants of the problems mentioned at the outset of this review. The city is an extreme case because of its unusual concentration of middle-class teachers and parents who, in an economy of educational invidiousness, want not equal but unequal schools and unequal access to education, so as to protect their hard-won prerogatives and to guarantee their children a positively loaded chance in grabbing at the fruits of a society stratified by class and race. For these parents and teachers, understandably enough, egalitarianism is a snare.

Not only in New York City is egalitarianism both praised and unwanted. Unequal access to schooling is a global problem. Take at random a bright boy growing up in India and ask what his chances are for getting a college degree. They will be only one-fiftieth the chances of the average American child, bright or not bright, boy or girl. In America, unequal educational opportunity, while less glaring than in the rest of the world, has been a fact of life since the founding of Boston Latin School in 1635.

Taken alone, the most sweeping school reforms cannot promise equal educational opportunity, because our American inequalities are rooted in white racism, the capitalist system, and the genetic

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endowment of the citizenry. No mere pedagogue or school fiscal agent can beat the racist-capitalist-genetic complex. But its harshest features can be mitigated through reforms of educational policy. And the push for racial integration remains one of the most praiseworthy reforms.

Considering that segregation by race and class is the chief deterrent of learning among disadvantaged children, we have not been getting as many studies on the matter as we need. The best available is the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights report of 1967, *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools*. In the same year appeared a volume by Robert Crain, et al., *Politics of School Desegregation*, followed in 1968 by *Our Children's Burden: Studies of Desegregation in Nine American Communities*, edited by Raymond W. Mack. Now, as a useful addition to these studies, we have *Affirmative School Integration*, a slim and tautly edited work, giving us eight abbreviated case studies (which appeared originally in the *Law and Society Review* for November 1967) accompanied by analytic essays. The best of these is by the late Arnold M. Rose. There is a short foreword by James S. Coleman. While dated, the case studies illustrate the arduous struggles which a community must undergo to slough off segregation. There have been more failures than successes, so that Mack's earlier summary still stands: "Small towns and medium-sized cities, North and South, are desegregating their schools, at least to a token extent . . . huge metropolitan areas, North and South, are resegregating their schools; the trend is toward more rather than less segregated educational facilities." *Affirmative School Integration* belongs in the library of every school of education.

Wise's *Rich Schools, Poor Schools*, competent in its own terms, deals with a small aspect of the equalization issue, that of remedying intrastate discrepancies in school expenditures by way of Supreme Court intervention. Far more needed is continued and much stronger federal intervention to mitigate interstate discrepancies, to ride herd on the desegregation process, and to make available big chunks of cash bait to promote redistricting and rezoning as applied to school attendance laws. Another study by Zimmer and Hawley (strictly for the specialist reader) indicates that opposition to redistricting is strong, especially in suburbs and among school officials, whose vested interests require defense of the *status quo*. Yet, only with an end to the so-called "neighborhood school" and the mis-termed *de facto* segregation (both quasi-legal maneuvers to isolate the privileged from the poor) will we make a significant dent in the school equalization process.

But we need to return to Bayard Rustin's point. Educational change must be embedded in a larger plan for societal change. Even apathetic and change-resistant middle classes will respond to appealing and enriched proposals that will improve the life chances of all our children. Enriched plans require riches. The nation's wealth augments fabulously, but only 6 per cent goes for education. Fifty billion dollars, and yet it is not enough. We must nurse that percentage upwards, through federal interventions, snatching fiscal treasure from the jaws of the military-industrial monster. One day we will have first-rate schools; but then we will be routinely spending 25 per cent of our income for educational purposes, wondering how we ever got by with 6 per cent.

Between Legend and Man

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY. *By Carlos Baker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 697 pp. $10.*

JAMES F. LIGHT

Mr. Light is Bernhard Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport and is the author of books on Nathanael West and John William De Forest. In April 1969, Holt, Rinehart & Winston published his The Modern Age *(co-edited with Prof. Leonard Lief).*

When Ernest Hemingway's widow and literary executor, Mary Hemingway, raised legal objections in 1966 to the publication of A.E. Hotchner's volume of reminiscences and pseudo-reminiscences entitled *Papa Hemingway*, many scholars became exceedingly skeptical about the validity of the authorized biography then being prepared by Princeton Prof. Carlos Baker.

The completed volume shows that these fears were unjustified. Baker's admirable study—in which he used a voluminous amount of previously unavailable material, interviewed innumerable friends and acquaintances of Hemingway, and visited the settings of much of Hemingway's life and work—shows no evidence that pressure of any kind has been put upon him to eliminate or to modify his findings or his attitudes about Hemingway. The result is that in *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*, Baker portrays the legendary Hemingway, but he also depicts the ordinary man, and if the mythological Hemingway is a giant, the ordinary man, as Baker demonstrates, was at times very human and very, very small. In a study conscientiously avoiding the presentation of anything resembling a "thesis," this contrast between the legend and the man becomes especially memorable.

The legend, in its various manifestations, has been both reported and created, with different emphases, by numerous journalists and scholars. Some writers emphasize the formative years that Hemingway spent in a conventional middle-class suburb of Chicago (though with summers in the woodlands of Michigan). With Freud as their inspiration and such stories as "The Doctor and The Doctor's Wife" as their evidence, these commentators often insist that Hemingway, contradictorily brutal and sensitive, naturalistic and romantic, was created by the psychological tensions borne by the young child in the conflict between Hemingway's father and mother, with the mother dreaming that she might mold young Ernest into a sensitive artist (preferably a violinist) and the father determined to bend him toward practical values and manly physical pleasures (though far from sexual ones). Another facet of the legend (one especially dominating Philip Young's studies of Hemingway) emphasizes the biographical parallels between Hemingway's work and life, and it insists that the key to Hemingway's art is the fact that his life dramatizes an Adamic, archetypal, and peculiarly American experience—the discovery by a young initiate of the world of violence, the attempt to escape it, and the psychic wound (often with a physical manifestation) that leads to the sleeplessness and despair consequent upon the discovery of mortality and *nada*.

Yet another part of the Hemingway legend is that which magnifies him as the American expatriate of the 1920s striding, a trifle arrogantly, through the streets of Paris and Pamplona; quarreling and talking of art with Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein and Scott Fitzgerald; quietly proclaiming over a drink his dedication to art as well as his devotion to a hedonistic creed of good women, good liquor and good song. Furthermore, there is the ever-recurrent image of Hemingway as "Papa," the virile male—a vision illuminated not only by his latter physical appearance, burly and bearded, but also by many of the facts of his life and language: he went to wars as other men went to baseball games; he spent much of his life hunting and fishing in Africa and Cuba; he loved

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such sports as boxing, and he constantly talked—often shadowboxing as he did so—of his life and art in boxing terms; and always he deified courage and dramatized the complexity of its "grammar" in such stories as "In Another Country" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

Finally, there is the legend popularized by Hotchner, in which Hemingway becomes the aging lion, obsessed by the loss of his capacity for physical pleasure and tormented by the thought that even his art has become a mockery. It is that Hemingway who longs for peace, yearns for a high, cold, dry country above the agony of the plain, and it is that legendary figure who puts a gun into his mouth and, like his father before him, blows off the top of his head.

Baker recognizes all the giants in these legends, but he worships none. What he gives are the facts, though he disclaims writing a "definitive" biography, and if the mass of details sometimes becomes soporific (Hemingway's travel itineraries in Africa drag on endlessly), the narrative is always illuminating and sometimes exciting. One emphatic fact is that Hemingway was both Ernest the Bad and Ernest the Good. As Ernest the Good (who was most often present in Hemingway's early years) he was generous, loyal, kind, brave and stoical; as Ernest the Bad he was a braggart, a bully, an incredible liar, an anti-Semite, a megalomaniac, a hypocrite, a drunk, and a manic-depressive. As Ernest the Good he loved his father (though his first "psychic wound," as he wrote to Malcolm Cowley, came on his discovery that his father was a coward), but as Ernest the Bad he despised his mother (possibly because she resisted his domination); resented contributing to her support after her husband's death and advised her to seek help from some of her "rich" friends: and usually referred to her as "the old bitch." Typical of the tone of Ernest the Bad was his reaction to his mother's desire to give an interview to a woman from *McCall's* magazine: Hemingway forbade it and warned his mother that he would "cut her off without a penny" if she disobeyed.

In portraying the two faces of Hemingway, Baker devotes considerable attention to the women in Hemingway's life, from the Indian girl whom Hemingway remembered in "Fathers and Sons" as having first done "what no one has ever done better"; to the World War I nurse Agnes von Kurowski, whom Hemingway damned in "A Very Short Story" and romanticized in *A Farewell to Arms*; to the bohemian expatriate Lady Duff Twysden, whom he dramatized as Lady Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*; to Hemingway's four wives; to the comradely "Daughters" of his later years such as Adriana Ivancich (whom he idealized in *Across the River and Into the Trees*) and Marlene Dietrich and Ingrid Bergman.

In his younger years Hemingway was attracted to women older than he (Agnes was 27 when Hemingway was 20 and her nickname for him was "Kid"), while in his declining years he preferred younger women. He was relatively consistent, however, in wishing submission rather than independence from his women (a point he dramatized most effectively in *A Farewell to Arms*), and the wife whom he grew to dislike most heartily and attempted to humiliate most thoroughly was the one, Martha Gellhorn, who attempted to retain her own individuality.

Despite his own illusions that he was a great lover—he often boasted that he had bedded every woman he really desired—the facts imply that Hemingway was seldom sexually aggressive. Pauline Pfeiffer became temporarily the best friend of his first wife Hadley in order to lure him away (a temptation apparently made irresistible by Pauline's wealth), and Martha Gellhorn snared him from Pauline—a poetic justice of which Hemingway was not unaware when he answered Pauline's complaints by stating that those who lived by the sword must perish by it. Only with Mary Welsh did Hemingway's courtship resemble that of the predatory swain and jealous lover (though a rather aging one bedeviled by his thinning hair), and, perhaps, even then he was acting the by now familiar role of Hemingway the Great. Whether he was or not, however, his adolescent actions occasionally annoyed Mary, and she was furious when, at a party, Hemingway seized a portrait of Mary's husband, Noel Monks (who was presenting some difficulties about the divorce), and proceeded to throw the picture in the bathroom toilet and shoot a burst of bullets into it.

The denigration implicit in Baker's treatment of Hemingway's sexual prowess is evident in other ways. Hemingway made numerous friends, to some of whom he remained loyal, but more often than not he eventually turned on them and left them infuriated. The classic example is Harold Loeb (whom Hemingway crucified as Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*) but Baker does not slight other cases, among them those of F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, Gerald Murphy, William Faulkner, and Gen. Buck Lanham. The latter, whom Hemingway dramatized in *Across the River and Into the Trees*, was probably the man whom Hemingway admired more than any other, but even Lanham eventually found Hemingway's nostalgia for his lost youth unhealthy and tasteless, and he was repelled by Hemingway's omnipresent obscenity and enraged by his lack of tact and sensitivity.

Nor does Hemingway's bravery escape Baker's critical eye. Meticulously documenting the vast evidence of that courage, Baker adds other facts pertinent to it: that Hemingway often exaggerated it, occasionally lied about it, and spent considerable effort in publicizing it; that at times he showed total insensitivity to the bravery of others and was incredibly offensive in questioning their bravery;

RECOGNITION

(for Henry Dumas)

Henry Dumas was a black man who was one of the editors of the *Hiram Poetry Review*. He was shot to death on a New York City subway platform in May 1968 by a Transit Authority policeman.

In the beginning
there was fear: my father
spoke to me
of a crucifix
driven
into an infant's skull, while
the priest
drooled Jesus, and women
twined flowers
in his beard.

In the beginning
there was fear: white wolves
whose jaws
were filled with ikons,
red faces
open like a furnace,
and each Gentile handshake
was a handful
of burning coal.

In the beginning
there was fear: I ran
through streets
of iron windows, flesh
so alien
I could not imagine
that it lived on human bones:
a time of violins
and graveyards.

I remember that beginning, I
remember, and now
only
sometimes
do I fear the beginning
just begun.

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and that his obsession with bravery sometimes led him to lack any semblance of common sense. Exemplifying the latter fact is his response to a comment by Faulkner, wherein Faulkner claimed that artistically Hemingway was less interesting than Wolfe and Dos Passos because "he lacked the courage to get out on a limb of experimentation. . . ." Deeply insulted, Hemingway responded by asking General Lanham to write to Faulkner and tell him the truth about Hemingway's physical courage under military fire in 1944.

For serious Hemingway scholars there are two especially significant aspects of Baker's study. One is the fact that though he does not attempt a full-scale "critical biography" (justifying the absence of literary interpretation on the ground that his earlier study *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* is still in print), he does indicate the existence of a considerable amount of Hemingway's unpublished fiction. Some of the unpublished fiction Baker describes briefly (as with the ambitious four-volume work with the general title of *The Sea*) but does not attempt to judge. Most of the unpublished work, however, impresses Baker as mediocre or worse; he claims, for instance, that the lengthy "Garden of Eden" manuscript is not only replete with marital biography but is full of "astonishing ineptitudes." The brevity with which these works are treated, however, seems curious even in a work scrupulously confined to biography, not literary interpretation.

Scholars will also be intrigued by Hemingway's attitude toward critical and biographical study of him and his work. Generally speaking he was antagonistic to biographical studies and suspicious of critical ones. His hostility toward biography led him at times to confuse biographical "gossip" with literary criticism, and he actively impeded the publication of works by Philip Young and Charles Fenton. One of his less justifiable tactics was to forbid quotations from his work, and, frighteningly enough, American publishers, as if they had never heard of the right of fair use, were so intimidated by this (or so full of courtesy toward one another) that the method was largely successful. Only after a personal letter from Young, in which Young stated that he would rewrite his study without quotations but would indicate the reason for the omission in a foreword—only then did Hemingway grudgingly give permission in a telegram: IF IT MEANS YOUR JOB IF NOT PUBLISHED . . . YOU HAVE MY FORMAL PERMISSION TO QUOTE. HOPE YOURE HAPPY.

From the evidence of Baker's biography, Hemingway was not an especially

LATIN AMERICAN RADICALISM

A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements

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lovable man, but writers are not ultimately judged as artists on that ground. In a letter to Charles Scribner, Hemingway once noted that his work "was a disease, a vice, and an obsession. To be happy, he had to write, which made it a disease. He also enjoyed it, which turned the disease into a vice. Since he wished to write better than anyone else had ever done, the vice quickly became an obsession." On the basis of his obsession, Hemingway is a better man than any pure biography will ever be able to show, and for that reason a "critical biography" may well capture a truer human than Baker is able to portray. That is not to say that Baker's study is not successful. It is. In fulfilling what it attempts, it is a truly magnificent achievement.

A Depression Story

SCOTTSBORO: A Tragedy of the American South. *By Dan T. Carter. Louisiana State University Press. 431 pp. $10.*

SHANE STEVENS
Mr. Stevens is the author of Go Down Dead *(William Morrow).*

"The Chattanooga to Memphis freight was a half hour late. Conductor Robert Turner hurried up and down the tracks checking his gold pocket watch, but no amount of complaining could make the yard men hurry. It was 10:20 A.M., almost an hour behind schedule, before the engine turned westward out of Chattanooga's Southern Railroad yards. Turner ignored a score of hoboes who scrambled on board as the train picked up speed. According to regulations every railroad employee had to report trespassing on the trains, but few observed the directive. It was March 25, 1931, and across a stricken nation 200,000 boys, girls, men, and women made the rails their home."

Thus begins Dan T. Carter's excellent account of the infamous Scottsboro affair; with a slow-moving freight which was to prove for nine of the "hoboes" the longest ride of their lives. Before the journey was ended, the state of Alabama was to become notorious throughout much of the Western world and the Scottsboro Case was to become an American *cause célèbre,* equaled in its passion and bitterness only by the earlier Sacco-Vanzetti trial.

The facts are these: nine young black men, traveling in several separate groups unknown to one another until the day of the incident, had an altercation with some white youths, all of whom were riding the rails. After being defeated and thrown off the train, the whites told local officials that they had been assaulted. The authorities had the blacks taken off the train at the next stop and arrested them. Straightforward enough so far. But on that same train rode two young white girls also traveling without tickets. When the train was stopped at Paint Rock, Ala., the girls volunteered the information that they had been raped by all nine of the blacks. Raped. White by black. And not one or two, but nine!

If Emmet Till, a 14-year-old black boy, could be horribly mutilated and murdered for allegedly whistling at a white woman in Mississippi in 1955, imagine the depth of feeling such an allegation caused in a small Southern town in 1931.

After narrowly escaping being lynched by white mobs, the nine defendants were quickly brought to trial at the county seat of Scottsboro and just as quickly sentenced to die in the Alabama electric chair. I should say, in the interests of accuracy, that only eight were condemned to death. Somehow the ninth youth escaped that sentence because seven of the jurors insisted on the death penalty even though the state asked only for life imprisonment, so the judge ordered a mistrial. The defendant was all of 13 years old. At the same time, it should be mentioned that another of the defendants was 13, though nearer to 14, and he *was* judged ready to die.

The United States Supreme Court reversed the convictions, holding that in capital felony cases defendants are entitled to adequate counsel. During the next six years a series of trials was held, with the U.S. Supreme Court again voiding the convictions, and trial judges granting defense motions for new trials. By 1936 one of the defendants, Haywood Patterson, had been tried four times, and by 1937 four of them had been convicted and sentenced to what amounted to life terms. A fifth had been convicted of assault with intent to murder (a local official while in custody) and sentenced to twenty years. By then, the state of Alabama had dropped prosecution of the other four.

By then, too, the American Communist Party had exploited the case fully, the NAACP had earned the scorn of the black population for its timidity, and the defense counsel, mostly Northern and Jewish, had had years of the vilest invective hurled at it. It should also be noted that *The Nation* was the first major magazine to express interest in and concern for the Scottsboro nine, when its editor sent an urgent letter of inquiry to the NAACP national headquarters shortly after the initial trials in early April 1931. This interest was to be maintained through the years.

So much for the dry facts of history. Now what about the basis of the charge of rape? Here I think the author has done a heroic job of assembling irrefutable proof that, in fact, the crime of rape was never committed by any of the defendants. *Item*: one of the black youths was totally incapacitated by syphilis and gonorrhea. *Item*: another one of them was virtually blind. *Item*: two of them, as noted, were 13. *Item*: one of the two girls withdrew her accusation and admitted she had lied. *Item*: the second girl gave obviously false testimony. *Item*: a trial judge reported that one of the examining physicians told him that the girls were lying. *Item*: no bruises were found on the inner organs of either girl to indicate brutal assault by nine men—almost a medical impossibility. *Item*: examining physicians gave convincing proof that no rape had occurred. And on and on.

How then could a whole people act contrary to all logic and reason? The fact is that hundreds and thousands of people were caught up in a mental torture chamber of great poverty, of inordinate fear of communism, of fanatic prejudice against Jews, of deep race hatred. The tragedy was as much that of individuals as of the American South. The Scottsboro case undoubtedly destroyed the lives of the nine defendants. They spent a total of more than 100 years in prison; the last of them, Andrew Wright, was released in 1950. Two are known to be dead: Haywood Patterson and Leroy Wright. I believe at least three others are now dead. As for the rest, perhaps Andy Wright said it best: "Freedom don't mean a thing to me."

The two white girls? They both died in 1961, about 42 miles apart from each other. They never again achieved the instant fame of the early 1930s.

Professor Carter is to be congratulated on his effort, both historically and stylistically. It's a triumph of proper research, and should remain the definitive study of the affair.

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The Alternatives

THE ACTIVE SOCIETY: A Theory of Societal and Political Processes. *By Amitai Etzioni. The Free Press. 698 pp. $11.95.*

CARL DREHER

Etzioni defines an active society as one "in charge of itself rather than unstructured or restructured to suit the logic of instruments and the interplay of forces that they generate." In his view, the radical transformation of the technologies of communication, knowledge and energy that followed World War II has moved us from the modern period, which was characterized by an increase in the efficacy of technology of such magnitude that it challenged the primacy of the values that technology was supposed to serve, into the post-modern period, which will pose an even greater threat to these values and make even more difficult any reassertion of their normative priority. Etzioni sums it up: "Which alternative prevails will determine whether society is to be the servant or the master of the instruments it creates." The theme which runs through the book is an exploration in depth of the conditions under which the latter option may be consciously chosen.

The discussion is divided into an introduction, "The Active Orientation," followed by five parts: "Foundations for a Theory of Macroscopic Action": "Cybernetic Factors"; "Implementing Factors"; "Societal Consensus and Responsiveness"; "Beyond Tribalism"; and ending with an epilogue, "Alienation, Inauthenticity, and Their Reduction"; with a glossary and indices of names and subjects. The whole comprises twenty-one chapters, supported by almost 1,100 references and notes, many of which are extended discussions of as much interest as the text.

So much for quantity and arrangement. The jacket states that the book was written for graduate and advanced undergraduate courses in sociological theory, political sociology, political theory, comparative government, and social anthropology. For the nontechnical reader, some passages present considerable difficulty, although much of the material at this level requires no more effort than Montaigne's recommendation for the acquisition of knowledge and insight: "I do not understand. I pause. I examine."

Even when an author does not know what he is trying to say, this procedure may not be a total waste of time—in the effort to disentangle the writer's thinking, the reader may arrive at some valid conclusions of his own. None of the passages that stopped me momentarily left me with the impression that Etzioni was confused, because on rereading, the confusion cleared up: it was mine, not his. And a good deal of the text is as pellucid as the popular articles Etzioni has written, or his lectures. For instance, I opened the book at random (really at random) and lit on this passage:

> Affecting these dynamics is the fact that the contextuating orientation often focuses around a contextuating key symbol. While this holds for many individual orientations, especially among less-educated individuals or groups, it seems to be even more characteristic of societal knowledge, for here consensus is of the essence, and consensus on many items and assumptions is difficult to obtain. Contexts are thus built around a few highly abstract notions and a symbol, such as Pearl Harbor (sneak attack), Munich (appeasement), or Little Rock (the domestic use of federal force). New bits (a computer term for a unit of knowledge) are readily absorbed if they can be tied to one of these contextuating symbols. . . .

Officialdom is not immune from this easy means of taking a position, and Etzioni remarks that contextuating symbols, once institutionalized, are "a powerful force for supporting the knowledge *status quo*, for there are usually few experiences of similar potency on the side of societal change." And these few do not get an even break from the media.

The author is a brilliant scholar, young for a full professor (sociology, Columbia). He lived in Israel for twenty years, served three and a half years in the Israeli war for nationhood, received his M.A. from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and his Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley, and has written many books and innumerable articles. Should the time come when the social sciences are as highly esteemed in government as, say, evaluation of nuclear strategy, Etzioni might well be summoned to Washington in some such role as that which Henry Kissinger plays in the Nixon Administration.

Even on cursory examination *The Active Society* will make the lay reader realize how naive and inchoate the ideas subsumed under "social consciousness" usually are, and how much we stand in need of the sharply focused thinking that professionals like Etzioni bring to bear on social problems.

The Free Press has given *The Active Society* the format it deserves and, considering what you get, the price is a welcome exception to the current practice of pricing technical books for the expense account market.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I am a sucker for slapstick. Though I know when I see a hot stove stage center, as I did at the production of Molière's *The Miser*, that subsequently someone will sit on it, I cannot resist laughing. The production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater is all gags, most of them old. In employing them the director, Carl Weber, may not be doing Molière a disservice in regard to a New York audience. Having accepted the local "style" I found myself having a pleasant time.

My laughter is not always a sign that what I am seeing is good comedy any more than my shedding tears proves that I am in the presence of tragedy. These are physical reflexes which provide no more evidence of dramatic excitement than does my nervous reaction to a pistol shot on stage.

I was also convulsed by the malapropisms and puns in Kenneth Cameron's *Papp* at the American Place Theatre, a prank aimed at all religious orthodoxy. The Vatican in this entertainment is called the "vacation," the Savior is referred to as God's "only forgotten Son," the sacrament of confession becomes the

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"confusion." These are college-boy blasphemies but alas, alas, they make me cackle. Albert Paulsen, as the "Papp," is very funny.

The Miser is indeed a farce and, as such, a masterpiece. Do not look for "psychology" here or subtle character drawing. Molière in this as in most of his plays (*The Misanthrope*, *Don Juan*, even *Tartuffe* are exceptional in his work) wrote buffooneries with broad types representing well-defined human traits. The greatness of these plays lies in their perfect form, their constant fun, their brilliant rhythm and their social relevance.

The upholsterer's son Molière took the vices of the rising new class, the bourgeoisie, as well as the fatuousness of the still dominant aristocracy, as his targets. His lampoons in acidly sharp strokes traced with joyous scenic sweep beguiled and irritated both classes down the ages. Molière's art is not delicate; it is saber play. In *The Miser*, as in several other of his comedies, he aims at the passion for money, the besetting sin of the middle class.

The French produce Molière for wit in characterizations and stylistic finesse. In recent years the Comédie Française productions of their mainstay dramatist have been conventional in both respects and, with few exceptions, rather dull. The best production of a Molière farce I ever saw was given in Paris years ago by the Théâtre du Marais, a Belgian company. It excelled in the brio and dash of several great comedians directed with the virtuosity of a supreme ballet master.

It is conceivable that an American group of vaudevillians who could speak with the crispness and speed that Molière's sprightly dialogue—at once dry and savorsome—demands, could manage the Molière style. But since we lack training for such an accomplishment, little is left for us but to resort to knockabout shenanigans in a fashion made familiar by the more adept among the burlesque comics of old.

The show at the Beaumont begins with a bit of jazz; we are then confronted with a pseudo-Brechtian placard, stating the place and time of the action. The "juveniles" of the piece—Valère and Elise—steal out of her chamber, having obviously just made love. This is a moral anachronism for Molière—but no matter. The setting itself looks like an ill-kept barn—and that, too, despite Harpogon's miserliness, is altogether out of character. But none of this would be unacceptable if what followed turned out to be a "modern" interpretation of the play. Little, however, occurs after the opening scene which is more imaginatively hilarious than the stunt on the stove. Nothing happens, for example, to suggest an apposite parallel with today's business community.

The translation is good, the speech always intelligible, the pace brisk. Robert Symonds in a good make-up is more effective than in any other role I have seen him play. Blythe Tanner, a talented youngster, is not required by her role (Elise) to be anything more than cute and pretty, which she is. Philip Bosco as the "surprise" papa who solves the play's amatory imbroglio, has exactly the right "high tone" of a traditional French production, and Lili Darvas as a scurvy matchmaker gives a properly robust performance.

If you see the show you will probably laugh, as I did, and perhaps not ask yourself why the play is regarded as a masterpiece.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's 1928 hit, *The Front Page* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) is a farcical melodrama which conceals the fact that it might have attained the status of genuine satire. It is, in any case, one of the best of American comedies and well worth the revival.

It is a spoof exposing or celebrating the callousness, frivolity, and insanity of the twenties in its appetite for scandalous journalism, political hooliganism and highly charged emptiness. Nothing except speed and noisy acclaim has any value in this environment. Life is reduced to obscene headlines. Rule is by slogans and violent skulduggery. Journalists are ignorant and shabby henchmen of people who have been spoiled silly by playing with power as with tin soldiers.

If one were to think about all this one would be led to despair. But Hecht and MacArthur, though they could deal with the matter with remarkable dexterity and lusty stage sense, didn't intend that we should think about it; they meant us to enjoy it, as they themselves did with crazy indifference. That is why the play is only obliquely a comment—still applicable—but nonetheless a mirror of the time.

The new production lacks the brittle, tough, sharp thrust of the original—Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins were of the very texture of the period and the text—but it does no particular damage. The actors force their points, that is, push too hard because they themselves aren't hard. So the soft and mushheaded among the characters are better played than the more brazen. The ones who come off best are Harold Kennedy as a sissy reporter, John McGiver as a bumblingly crooked mayor, Charles White as a nincompoop sheriff and Arnold Stang as an honest nonentity.

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Five works by Jules Olitski, now on view at the Metropolitan Museum, introduce the sculpture of a painter. "Sculptural shape," he writes in the museum's *Bulletin*, "is to the ground support what pictorial shape is to the paint support." He defines this "sense of shape not as separate object placed closely in relation to the ground but as being in itself *derived* from the ground." While it is true that his sculptures are mostly low lying, they do not have quite this relation to the ground. Such an intersection of structure and earth takes place in many "earth works" which are fabricated out of the ground and take the planet as the work's base [see column by Max Kozloff, *The Nation*, March 17], but Olitski's sculptures of cut and welded aluminum are something else. They have an unmistakable solidity and internal coherence. They are *on top* of the ground, as the uneven shadows where the rim of each sculpture sits on the gallery floor emphasize only too clearly. The spreading and generally low forms are horizontal *objects*, not projections of the ground. In fact, not all the sculptures are down low; the best of them is a tall pavilion-like junction of color slices, with undertones of a Coney Island Araby.

In one way the sculptures are what I anticipated; they are mostly low lying and all color. Unexpected to me, however, is their fantasy. Olitski has a stream of humor, of eccentricity, which all the formalist discussion of his work and pressures on him have never quenched. It was present as imagery in his early Matter Paintings; it persisted as funny titles in his flat paintings and as bedroom color in some of his sprayed and soaked paintings, and now it has splurged in the sculpture. The forms are gross and the colors gaudily glamorous. If funk artists were to stop always drawing and to go abstract the results might be something like these sculptures.

The sculptures are a bizarre mix of the voluptuous and the playful. The forms are reminiscent of Art Déco (to use that term as a label for twenties-thirties design). Olitski's flattened curves and slipping disks, bland arcs and sudden zigzags, recall modernistic movie-theatre architecture and ocean-liner equipment.

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Several of the sculptures are homologous to, say, a grand piano as it might have been designed by Jean Puiforcat. "Wheels Up," 28 feet long by 3½ feet high, consists of two low curves (Frank Lloyd Wright-ish) joined by a form like a fluted music stand. "Whip Saw" as a configuration is somewhere between the old Penguin Pool in the London Zoo and gun emplacements, à la Maginot. Those other pieces of hardware are mentioned not in a derogatory spirit but to indicate the low comedy of solid forms that Olitski has set up in these works. The fact that there is no very specific sense of scale or of place in the sculptures encourages such correspondences. The artist whose pictures bore titles like "Yaksi Juice" and "Purple Golybchik" (spelling is the artist's from memory) has here made sculptures to embody such fantasy.

The color is an acrylic lacquer sprayed on to produce a dense speckled surface of mauves, purples, lavenders, powder blues. Its luminescent or sparkling effects resist the shadow gradients on the forms, not enough to oppose the real volume but enough to flatten and stretch the surfaces a bit. The paint reflects light, with insufficient intensity to dissolve solidity, but in a way that emphasizes tactility. This, too, is a thirtyish effect, of mass by plump but not heavy volumes, as in those fluted and curved façades which are textured by engraving, by dashed-on pebbles, to make a crusty animated skin.

Robert Rauschenberg's new works (Castelli) are called "Commissioned and Carnal Clocks," with a footnote: "Commissioned Clocks not exhibited at this time." Presumably they have not yet been commissioned, but the Carnal ones are there, along with a sign forbidding minors to enter. Each "Clock" is a large flat plexiglass case, standing against the wall; at intervals internal lights flash on, illuminating grainy photographs of body parts and openings. The illumination is partial and methodical, restricted each time to one of twelve regular sections around a large central close-up of crumpled bed sheets. The carnality is that of uncensored 42nd Street, combined with the blurriness of sex at home for the Polaroid camera. The lowly urban character of the images and the direct manner of their presentation make the "Clocks" Rauschenberg's best work for years.

The photographs are transferred to silk screens and printed on the plexiglass, a technique Rauschenberg has used before, usually to make an alphabet soup of fused and coalescing forms. In the "Clocks," however, the images are set forth one at a time without overlapping, occupying regular areas that correspond to the numbers on a clock face. The drama of seeing and not seeing is introduced by the lights and by the way our reflections occupy the unlit areas. The room in which the "Clocks" are seen is fairly brightly lit, so that external spaces are clearly reflected among the genitalia. Seen in the dark, or at noon and midnight when the clock mechanism blazes briefly in a luminous jackpot, the effect of involvement is less. The operation of the work in time and the schematic organization of the images, seen one at a time in non-narrative order, support each other with a logic Rauschenberg has not revealed lately.

The "Clocks" are deep boxes, obstinately bulky in the room, and they click on and off noisily, but they function in time sequences and they change with the spectator's movements. Though a conspicuous piece of hardware, each "Clock" combines some of the functions of a real clock and of a mirror. To the extent that they are mechanisms and reflective surfaces, they carry durational changes of both predictable and unpredictable sorts. Olitski speaks about sculpture coming off the ground in a way that will be more active than sculpture requiring pedestals, but, in fact, his works remain objects of a perfectly traditional solidity and bulk. If he wishes to modify the object nature of sculpture he would have to do something more like Rauschenberg and move into time sequences. Olitski's statement should, I think, be regarded as mainly a prudent bit of propaganda for friends and formalists rather than as a reliable estimate of what he is doing. As freaky and gross objects, however, his sculptures have a burly wit.

RECORDS / David Hamilton

MYROW: *Songs from the Japanese.* REYNOLDS: *Quick Are the Mouths of Earth.* Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71219. $2.98.

WOLPE: *Chamber Piece No. 1.* ROCHBERG: *Serenata d'estate.* SHIFRIN: *Satires of Circumstance.* Same performers. Nonesuch H-71220. $2.98.

DRUCKMAN: *Incenters.* SCHWANTNER: *Diaphonia intervallum.* HARBISON: *Confinement.* Same performers. Nonesuch H-71221. $2.98.

The coincidence of this valuable series of records with the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's recent Carnegie Hall concert (May 8) underlines once again the central role of the sub-orchestral ensemble in the music of recent decades and—not less—the excellences of this particular group. The concert further demonstrated that Arthur Weisberg's Ensemble, although this year orphaned by the expiration of the three-year Rockefeller Foundation grant that had supported its residency at Rutgers University, still very much commands the technical fluency and ensemble virtuosity audible on these records and in its work of prior seasons. How long such quality can be maintained, without the regular rehearsals, security and stability of personnel that can exist only under adequate and permanent sponsorship, is a question; but it is—to say the least—ironic that, just at the point when a representative sample of the Ensemble's high standards of performance and repertory is made accessible to a wider public, the prospects for such sponsorship seem dim.

In retrospect, it is perplexing that the original Rockefeller Foundation grants for university chamber ensembles apparently made no provision for recordings, which would have significantly extended the tangible results of those grants, both in time and in space. However, it would not be surprising were the eventual next cycle of major foundation support for music to focus on recordings, for their central function in the dissemination of music today is obvious (although this

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has, to date, been recognized primarily by such smaller groups as the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, which helped to underwrite the present series).

What may not be so obvious is that recordings of this high quality do not spring up overnight in a studio; they result from constant ensemble work and intimate acquaintance with the various idioms over a long period of time. Even the "overnight" sessions that major record companies stage in New York and Los Angeles would hardly be possible without such players as these, whose feats of virtual sight reading, on some occasions of that type, are founded on their continuing exposure to the individual and ensemble difficulties of serious new music. To the extent that the players now involved in groups like Weisberg's are forced to seek the security of more conventional employment, the loss to musical life spreads beyond the simple matter of a specific concert series, to affect any number of related activities drawing upon this pool of musicians.

It would be tempting to regard this kind of performing activity (as distinct from the specific performances that result) as in part analogous to basic scientific research—were not the relatively immediate results so obviously rewarding, as attested by these three disks. (There is some slight distortion in the Wolpe, which seems to have been too closely miked; the others are superbly recorded.) Except for George Rochberg's 1955 *Serenata d'estate*—a work whose leisurely internal progression is not, I feel, sustained by its "cool," very attractive sonorous surface of flute with plucked and bowed strings—all this music was composed in the last five years, and nearly all the composers are associated with universities. In view of the journalistic descriptions often applied to music from such sources, it is interesting to note that none of these examples could be called "post-Webernite" in any useful sense of that term (which leaves open the not very interesting question of whether the journalists are incapable of hearing, ignorant of Webern's music, or actually using the term in its trivial chronological sense of "post-1945").

In point of fact, the range covered by the eight works is wide, and not merely in terms of generations (from the 67-year-old Wolpe to the 26-year-old Joseph Schwantner); perhaps the only significantly characterizing generalization to be made is that they are nearly all "post-electronic" pieces; although none of them actually employ electronic sounds, they partake of the fertile sonic invention that has marked the last decade or so. This is most obvious in the Reynolds work, where the timbral novelty seems to be stretched over a rather tenuous continuity. More successful in this respect are the Myrow songs, which generate a firmly controlled lyrical line within their elegantly colored instrumental setting; the marvelously relaxed security of Phyllis Bryn-Julson's singing certainly contributes greatly to the fine effect they make in this performance.

Quite differently impressive is John Harbison's *Confinement*, which progresses by clearly articulated short sections that interlock over greater and lesser spans—a kind of two-steps-forward, one-step-back continuity that is mirrored in the obsessive rotation of some of the thematic material. I would be happier if more of this material were as distinctive as the general conception; as it is, Harbison occasionally falls back upon cliché. Oddly, the youngest composer offers the work that is most traditional sounding in harmonic terms: *Diaphonia intervallum*, for all the skill with which Schwantner handles his layers of rhythmic motion, suffers from an excess of homogeneity in its chord structures. Druckman, on the other hand, uses a static harmonic point of departure for a varied series of events, with some success.

Seymour Shifrin's setting of three Hardy poems is perhaps the most subtle of all these pieces, the careful interplay of voice and instruments underlining the verbal events; again, the vocal performance is excellent. And finally there is the Wolpe work, a characteristic example of his recent style, in which a continuing and interlocking series of brief gestures varies to define different spaces and densities—a limited music but very finely crafted and detailed.

Obviously there are variations here in accomplishment as well as in means, but each of the three records includes at least one first-rank piece, and overall this release is a valuable survey of significant activity. It should be noted, finally, that despite some minor imperfections of intonation and ensemble (especially in the tricky overlappings of the Wolpe), these are all real performances, not just readings thrown together on an *ad hoc* basis.

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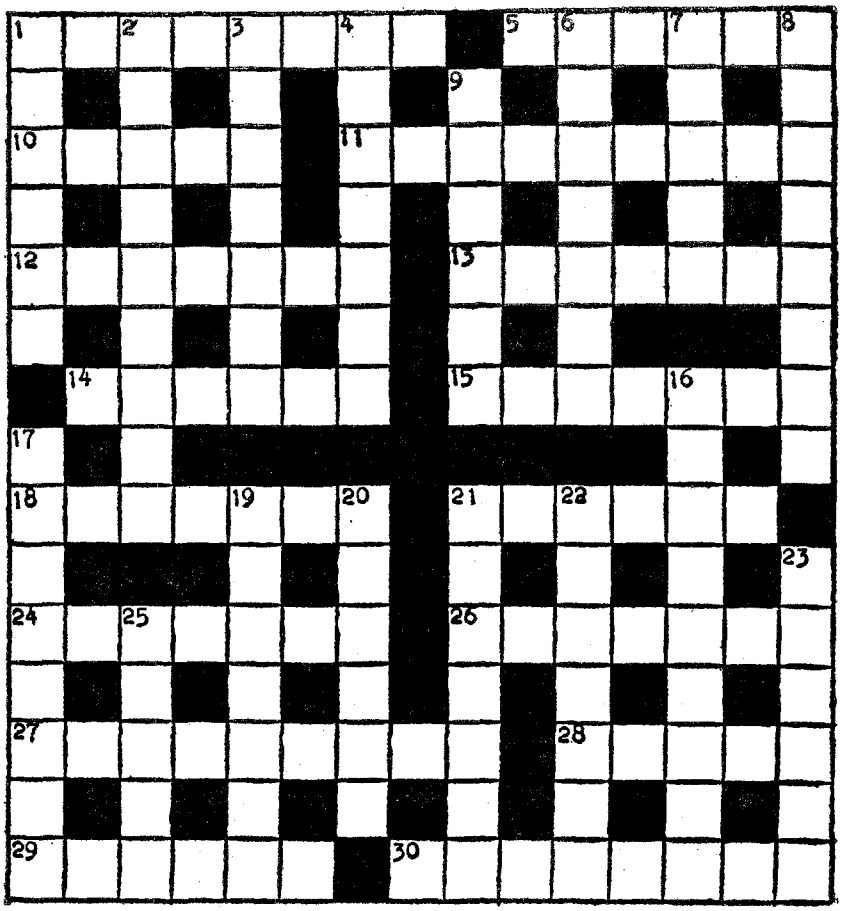
Crossword Puzzle No. 1299

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Keep quiet with self-restraint! (8)
5 and 28 At least partly train Rose and Iris, for example? (6,5)
10 Ran O.K., but rather awkwardly from here? (5)
11 Describing the point of the needle, perhaps. (9)
12 The overall volume of transportation? (7)
13 The force of Caesar in actual change. (7)
14 Made on order in Italy. (6)
15 On that occasion he got in to discuss terms. (7)
18 Is close as the end of your finger, in a way! (7)
21 Flout. (6)
24 Figure what the final strike does? (4,3)
26 With luck, a number can be in the church! (7)
27 The drama associated with Excalibur? (9)
28 See 5 across
29 It doesn't like nothing, reputedly! (6)
30 Snakes in Gaelic? Quite the contrary, as one insinuates! (8)

DOWN

1 and 7 down 27, for example, might be a pun, if the answer is followed in a way. (4,2,5)
2 It's not right to make one sure, or unsure! (9)
3 Put a title on one, perhaps. (7)
4 Saves an alternative for Esther? (Swift solution of the problem!) (7)
6 The port is French, obviously. (2,5)
7 See 1 down
8 The holy rite, possibly, of "rock." (8)
9 Rather uninteresting nonsense, as the British might say, but damaging. (3,3)
16 Scraped on stones, possibly. (9)
17 Farm soon to be plowed up by a foreigner. (8)
19 Some might expect it to be very clammy.
20 Quite the opposite of 30. (6)
21 Gently and humanly? An example of two. (7)
22 Represent one's case? (7)
23 Comes near to being what play does, if unsuccessful. (6)
25 The scourge of Russia? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1298

ACROSS: 1 Hysterical; 6 and 11 Back numbers; 10 Derides; 12 Inspires; 15 Emend; 17 and 25 Breakneck speed; 19 Foretaste; 21 Dwelt; 23 Locks; 24 Fetishes; 27 Oil well; 28 Amerind; 29 Sash; 30 Dependents. DOWN: 1 Hide; 2 and 14 Strange bedfellows; 3 End up; 4 Inscribes; 5 Aunts; 7 Average; 8 Kiss Me Kate; 9 Embarked; 16 Detested; 18 Eventuate; 20 Recalls; 22 Etesian; 24 and 13 False alarm; 26 Odds.

PERSONALS

AUDIENCE — AN ASSET (?)

Are there non-material assets?

Does the non-bright girl, who gets no audience in school, jump at the chance to undress and thereby gain an audience?

It is easy to condemn such behavior, before one understands its motivation.

An audience is more than company. It is someone aware of us, thus giving us some importance or value.

Is audience an asset? What is Nature's answer to this question?

Do we not all have natural compulsions to show off at times to attract a desired audience?

Do we not all engage in face-saving activity at times to secure a desired audience reaction?

Each one desires a specific audience. Your audience may displease me; the audience that pleases me may be a dud to you.

When we practice deceit we usually underestimate our audience. We are certain they don't see thru us. Yet no matter how much cosmetic we use like lipstick, hairdo, hairgroom, smiles, "glad hand", flattery, etc. our deceit shows thru in all its ugliness. We are fooled because there is no immediate condemnation.

And our pleasant exterior is a hollow mockery, that jars our audience into the type of audience reaction we do not want. It is ourselves we deceive most.

We do much on our outsides to secure a favorable audience reaction, then spoil it by revealing our ugly basic inside which ruins what we might have had.

How thoughtless.

D. Koretz 521 Park Detroit, MI 48226

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Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

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